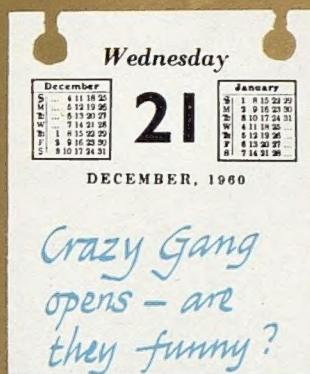


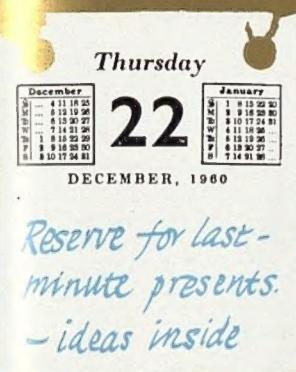
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DECEMBER, 1960

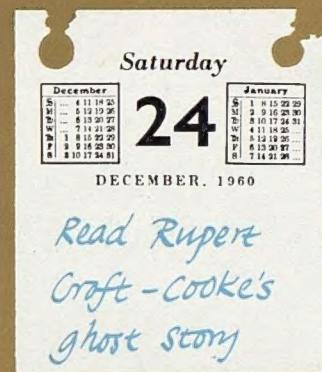
*Crazy Gang
opens - are
they funny?*



*Reserve for last-
minute presents.
- ideas inside*



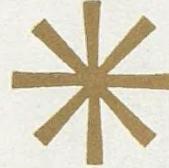
DITTO



*Read Rupert
Craft-Cooke's
ghost story*



Christmas Day



*All the Christmas
shows in
London*



*Bank Holiday
eating out*



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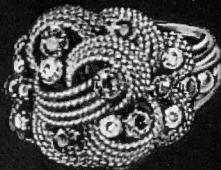
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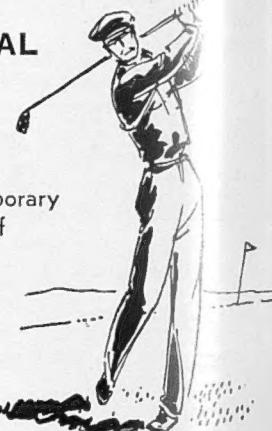
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Volume CCXXXVIII Number 3095

21 DECEMBER 1960

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SOMETHING NEW, SOMETHING OLD



One week's usefulness and entertainment with one week's copy of *The Tatler*. A seasonal fancy designed by DAVID SMITH. For fuller details of the schedule, see alongside

IN LINE with *The Tatler*'s policy of up-to-the-minute social reporting, this issue breaks fresh ground by portraying two diversions new to these pages. *A night at the dogs* (page 694 onwards) shows some of the vanguard who are making the combination of greyhound-racing and a West End dinner a much-talked-about outing, especially when it is in the luxury of the White City. Also catching on, and pictured in this issue, is *Monday night at Queen's*, weekly get-together for the younger members of the skating set (page 700). If the popularity of this is anything to go by, skating is due for a revival.

And talking of popularity, the most enduring performers in Britain's show business begin their last West End run this week. Everybody is crazy about them, but . . .

The Crazy Gang—are they funny? Nobody here would dare give an answer to this treasonable question, so

Cynthia Ellis has been passed the job of asking some leading personalities what *they* think. Her findings accompany some splendid pictures by Alan Vines of the Gang's antics in their new show. . . . A full list of the West End's Christmas-time shows, incidentally, appears on page 691. And for people spending the evening out on Tuesday, which is a bank holiday, John Baker White has a list of restaurants that can be counted on to stay open (page 689). . . .

Other Christmas offerings this week: A special ghost story by Rupert Croft-Cooke, *The line went dead* (page 702), a fashion section on last-minute presents for her, *Put it in a box, tie it with a ribbon* (page 710 onwards). . . . Oh, and Lord Kilbracken has been moved to break into verse! (page 709)

Next week: New traditions in Japan. . . .

P.S.: Happy Christmas!

CINDERELLA FOR 1960 is 23-year-old television actress and singer Janet Waters. She plays the name role in *Harold Fielding's production of the pantomime that opens at the Adelphi Theatre on Friday night. For more about the Christmas shows see page 691*



GOING PLACES

SOCIAL

Children's Party (up to seven years), 21 December, at Hurlingham Club. **Children's Party** (eight to 12 years), 22 December, at Hurlingham Club. **Billy Bunter's Swiss Roll**, première matinée, 23 December, at the Victoria Palace, in aid of the British Council for Rehabilitation of the Disabled. Tickets 15s. to £1 10s. from Mr. C. Scott-Paton, 24 Belsize Avenue, N.W.3. (swi 2019.)

Life-Boat Dinner Dance, 27 December, at the Shelbourne Hotel, Dublin, in aid of the Royal National Life-Boat Institution, Dublin Branch. Tickets 35s. from Miss A. Strath, 32 South Frederick Street, Dublin C.2.

Victoria League Ball, 29 December, at the Assembly Rooms, Edinburgh. President: the Countess of Minto.

Christmas Ball for those in their teens, 29 December, at Chelsea Town Hall, in aid of the Beda Association. Chairman: Lady Dormer.

Sports Carnival Ball, 31 December, at the Café Royal, in aid of the National Deaf Children's Society. Tickets 3 gns. from Mr. Charles Scott-Paton, 24 Belsize Avenue, N.W.3. (swi 2019.)

SPORT

Rugby: Combined Services v. South Africa, Twickenham, 26 December. **Race meetings**: Wetherby, 24, 26;

Fontwell Park, Huntingdon, Market Rasen, Sedgefield, Wincanton, 26; Kempton Park, Wolverhampton, 26, 27; Taunton, 27; Cheltenham, 28, 29; Newbury, 30, 31 December. **Boxing Day Meets**: Cotswold Hunt, at Cheltenham; Worcestershire Hunt, Droitwich; Chiddington Farmers Hunt, Tünsgate, Guildford. **Point-to-point** for New Forest ponies, Boxing Day.

MUSICAL

Festival of Nine Lessons & Carols, King's College Chapel, Cambridge; York Minster; 24 December.

Covent Garden Opera. *Lucia di Lammermoor*, 22 December; *La Bohème*, 27, 31, December, 7.30 p.m.; *Aida*, 29 December, 7 p.m. (cov 1066.)

Sadler's Wells Opera. *Die Fledermaus*, tonight, 7.30 p.m., 23 December (broadcast) 7 p.m.; *The Barber of Seville*, 22 December, 7.30 p.m. (TER 1672/3.)

ART

Henry Moore—Sculpture 1950-60, Whitechapel Gallery, Whitechapel High Street, E.1, to 1 January (not Mondays).

Royal Academy Winter Exhibition—the Age of Charles II, Burlington House, Piccadilly, W.1, to 26 February.

The Whitney Collection. Impressionist paintings lent by the U.S.

Ambassador, Tate Gallery, Millbank, S.W.1, to 29 January.

EXHIBITIONS

Romantic Novelists' Exhibition, National Book League, 7 Albemarle Street, W.1. To 4 January.

Schoolboys' Own Exhibition, Olympia, 27 December-7 January.

Christmas Exhibition of Fine Crafts, 16-17 Hay Hill, W.1, to January.

AUCTION SALES

Sotheby's. Old Master & 18th-century and modern paintings and drawings, today; Fine arms and armour, pewter & works of art, including a Flemish or German wheel-lock petronel of 1581, and a Scottish snaphaunce pistol of 1618. 22 December, 11 a.m.

FIRST NIGHTS

Royal Court Theatre. *The Lion In Love*, 21 December.

THEATRE

From reviews by Anthony Cookman. For this week's see page 718.

The Bride Comes Back. ". . . the three principals know well how to create cosiness on the stage, and in that atmosphere may not even a bad farce carry the Christmas spirit on from one year's end to another? . . ." Cicely Courtneidge, Jack Hulbert, Robertson Hare. (Vaudeville Theatre, TEM 4871.)

BARNIE SAIDMAN

Waiting In The Wings. ". . . retired actresses trying to get on with each other in a home run by public charity. . . . Mr. Coward has supplied, if not good scenes, then many good lines." Sybil Thorndike, Marie Löhr, Lewis Casson, Mary Clare. (Duke of York's, TEM 5122.)

CINEMA

From reviews by Elspeth Grant. For this week's see page 719.

Tunes Of Glory. ". . . Mr. Ronald Neame's expert direction and the persuasive performances of a fine cast lend distinction. . . . but I found this story of peacetime soldiering decidedly melancholy." Alec Guinness, John Mills, Kay Walsh, Dennis Price (Odeon, Leicester Square, WH1 6111.)

Never On Sunday. ". . . a joyous frolic . . . the basic pattern is familiar, but the incidentals are rare and refreshing . . . a deliciously entertaining (if amoral) film." Melina Mercouri, Jules Dassin. (London Pavilion, GER 2982.)

The Three Worlds Of Gulliver. ". . . normal size human beings, six-inch Lilliputians and 60 ft. Brobdingnagians, all alive, alive-oh! . . . Mr. Kerwin Mathews is a handsome Gulliver and, until he turns quite alarmingly nasty, M. Gregoire Aslan is rather a dear as the Brobdingnagian King." (Odeon, Marble Arch, PAD 8011.)



GOING PLACES LATE

Douglas Sutherland



THE NEW GAMING ACT COMES INTO force on the 3 January! During its passage through Parliament rumours were rife in the West End. "This spells the end of the private gambling parties" it was said. One after another, top club-owners were rumoured to be spending vast sums of money to attract in the golden harvest which the new Act was going to make possible. Now, on the eve of the event, I can find little evidence that any of these plans will be brought to fruition.

What is stopping the club czars from cashing in on a law which ostensibly makes gaming legal? Principally, the difficulty of making any money for themselves. Though there are many of the smaller clubs who have already anticipated the situation by installing fruit machines, the bigger boys, with their eyes fixed on the wider financial horizons offered by legalized *chemin-de-fer* and *baccarat*, are having second thoughts. The law not only lays down that games shall not be operated for private profit but it also states that each participating player shall have an equal chance of winning. Top legal opinion takes the view that this will preclude *baccarat* and eliminate the *cagnotte* in *chemin-de-fer*.

What then is left? A quiet game of poker or bridge perhaps, or chemmy played among fellow club members with no resulting profit to the club owner.

I discussed these problems last week with John Mills, Polish-born owner of Five Hamilton Place, Park Lane, which houses *Les Ambassadeurs* and *The Milroy* in

the old family residence of the Rothschilds. Plans are going ahead to open the Monte Carlo Room on the first floor, which formerly housed *The Milroy* (now reopened and flourishing in the luxuriously air-conditioned basement). Says Mills: "I do not see the Monte Carlo Room being a place to gamble on the scale of the French casinos. I intend to hand the premises over to a members' committee, who will conduct it in their own way. So far as I am concerned, I will merely provide a luxurious atmosphere and perfect service for those who wish to avail themselves of it."

Membership of the proposed new club will be around the 25-guinea-a-year mark, with members being allowed *bona fide* guests for a small entrance fee. Mills points out, reasonably enough, that members must finance their own gambling operations and that credit facilities cannot be extended, *i.e.* you arrive with the sort of money you are prepared to risk in cash, and private debts must be settled as between member and member in the usual way. Nor will members of *Les Ambassadeurs* or *The Milroy* have a pre-emptive right to membership of the Monte Carlo Room. It will be up to the committee to grant or withhold memberships according to their own discretion. This seems to me a thoroughly realistic interpretation of the spirit of the Act.

Incidentally, there have been many disappointed bidders for a share in the enterprise. As recently as a couple of weeks back a rather more than ordinarily wealthy

American flew to England to try to negotiate a financial partnership. Discussions with legal experts convinced him that "there's no gold in them thar hills" and he returned to America empty-handed.

We have yet to see whether the advent of fruit machines will produce the expected gangsterisms

of Chicago in the 1930s. But I doubt whether the legalizing of other forms of gaming will have other than the desirable effect of restricting the operations of the less reputable type of gamester who has been such an unfortunate feature of London life during the last few years.

GOING PLACES TO EAT

John Baker White



Because Christmas Day falls on a Sunday there is an extra Bank Holiday on Tuesday, 27 December. Many people may want to have a meal out, but many in the restaurant business will want to have the day at home. So I have been finding out which restaurants will be open in London. The following can be relied on:—

Grosvenor House, Park Lane, both restaurant and grillroom.
Trocadero Grill, Shaftesbury Avenue.

Speedbird, B.O.A.C. Building, Buckingham Palace Road.

The Balkan Grill, Baker Street.

The Scholar Gypsy, Sydney Street, Chelsea.

Peter Evans Eating Houses, the one in Kensington High Street will be open but not the one in Kingly Street.

The Great Western Hotel, Paddington.

Leoni's, 26 Dean Street, Soho, open for dinner only.

Bistro d'Agran, Pavilion Road, off Sloane Street, dinner only.

Fifty-Five, 55 Jermyn Street.

The Brompton Grill, Brompton Road, opposite Brompton Oratory, dinner only.

Connaught Hotel, Carlos Place, only the restaurant will open.

The Dorchester, Park Lane.

Nick's Diner, 88 Ifield Road, Fulham.

Café Royal, Regent Street.

New Assam, 438 Kings Road, Chelsea.

The Gore Hotel, Queen's Gate, Knightsbridge.

BRIIGGS by Graham





GOING PLACES ABROAD

Doone Beal

Sunspots in winter



Casino and gardens at Estoril

YOU CAN'T EXPECT JUNE IN JANUARY unless you go to the Caribbean or South Africa. But nearer home especially in southern Spain or Portugal weather conditions are far better than anything to be expected here. There will be the odd cloudy day, and maybe a shower or two, but there will also be spring flowers, a gentleness of climate, the possible bonus of sun hot enough to lie in, and the delectable thought of at least lunching outdoors most days.

Not for nothing do people flock to winter in Estoril. It is gay and civilized—and the temperature rarely drops below 60 degrees. Catering for an increasing number of people who want to take advantage of this, a new service apartment block is being built on the site of the old Parc Hotel, but this will not be complete before 1962. In the meantime the Palace, with an opulent stream of semi-residents, still holds the palm as the leading hotel of Estoril, and indeed one of the best in Europe. Various of its near neighbours have been recently modernized, as for example the Atlantico (every room of which now has a private bath) and the Miramar, just behind it. Both are in Mont Estoril, facing the sea. At around £3 a day with all meals, they are a cut below top prices.

At night Estoril is lively with late-dining restaurants and pleasant little night clubs (Ronda, Fim de Mundo, Palm Beach, &c.). One can dine and dance as well as gamble in the Casino. And whether you take the game seriously or not, Estoril has one of the most agreeable golf courses in Europe. Off the fairway, as all too often I am, one is voluptuously knee deep in mimosa. Non-players can treat the clubhouse as a restaurant, with special reciprocal arrangements for guests of the Palace Hotel.

The great beaches of Guincho stretch away to the north of Estoril, beyond Cascais. The old fortress on the rocks, which I remember from four years ago, has now been converted into an hotel. Its décor is monastic and at the same time luxurious—a pretty combination of 15th-century architecture and (so I am told), 20th-century comfort. The Portuguese are skilled at these adaptations. Another example is the 18th-century palace at Seitas, in the hills behind Estoril, with all the main state rooms left exactly as they were. I still remember with great pleasure lunching there soon after it opened, and sipping aperitifs on a sunny terrace over the rolling lavender plains and palm trees towards the sea. Without a car one would, for better or worse, be rather marooned at Seitas, but self-drive ones can now be hired from Estoril at around 30s. a day plus mileage.

For people who prefer the capital city delights of a kindly winter

climate, two new hotels in Lisbon are commended to me: the luxury Mundial, and the smaller Flamingo. The second has double rooms with bath and breakfast from 185 escudos (under £2). The tourist return air fare to Lisbon is £60 12s. by B.E.A. and T.A.P.

At the end of January last year I sat outside a café in Malaga on an evening so balmy that I did not even need a coat. Malaga is only a resort by adoption, so to speak, and has the advantages of a city whose life goes on with or without the tourists. Hotels in town include the luxury Miramar, and the new Los Mercedes, with all of its rooms facing the sea. And you must go up to the Government Parador at Gibralfaro, on a hill directly above the city, for the food and the view.

The enjoyment of Torremolinos is a matter of temperament. It is now a baby seaside metropolis (though the winter visitor will get a slightly less crowded impression). There are plenty of late bars and at least one really good night club, the Mañana. Of the older established hotels, Lloyd's and Santa Clara are smallish, comfortable and inexpensive. Rather more lush and better equipped is El Pinar, and of course the new skyscraper Pez Espada that seems like Miami transplanted, with its own shops and hairdressers, three restaurants, a night club, tennis courts and a swimming pool.

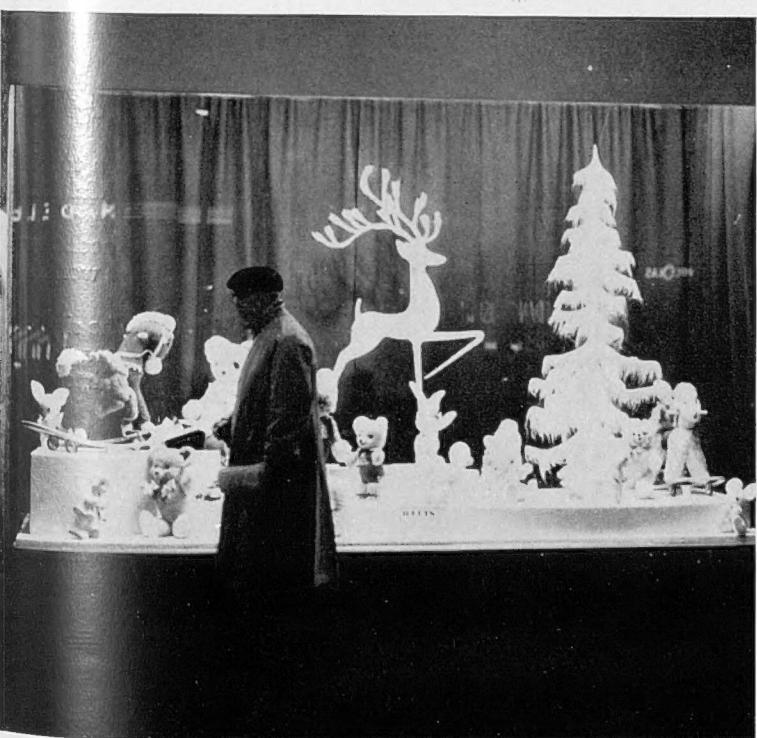
Midway between Torremolinos and Gibraltar, Marbella has come a long way from what it was when I first knew it, virtually unbroken coast and one pocket-sized village. The new Golf Hotel is long, low and white; beautifully decorated, with *cabanas* as well as conventional bedrooms. Right on the sea, it has an attractive oyster-shaped swimming-pool, outdoor bar and dancing. It is the social hub of numerous Spaniards from Madrid who have built villas nearby (and for whom, oddly enough, Andalusia never achieved any kind of vogue until after the war). The Marbella Club is a pleasant, smaller hotel with glorious gardens; though it is a *trifle* middle-aged.

One more pleasant winter oasis of comfort where, should the sun be lacking, there are open fires, is the Reina Cristina Hotel at Algeciras, just west of Gibraltar.

One can hire a self-drive car in Gibraltar and double the pleasure of a holiday on this coast. Jerez, Ronda and even Seville are possibilities from Marbella. And east of Malaga, one can explore the glorious sugar-cane coast towards Motril, then cut inland to Granada and the Sierras. B.E.A.s mid-week night flight at £30 10s. to Gibraltar puts this southernmost edge of Europe well below the millionaire's price bracket for a winter holiday. And they also run coastal coach services from Gibraltar to Malaga.



PHOTOGRAPHS:
JOHN COWAN



GOING PLACES AT CHRISTMAS

The holiday shows

Pantomimes:

CINDERELLA, by Rodgers & Hammerstein. Jimmy Edwards, Janet Waters, Joan Heal. (Adelphi Theatre, TEM 7611.) Opens Friday.

TURN AGAIN WHITTINGTON. Norman Wisdom, Yana, Desmond Walter Ellis. (London Palladium, GER 7373.) Opens tomorrow. *Children's:*

TOAD OF TOAD HALL. Gerald Campion, Richard Goolden. (Westminster Theatre, VIC 0283.) To 21 January.

EMIL & THE DETECTIVES. Gerard Menuhin, Mike Hall. (Mermaid Theatre, CIT 7656.) To 28 January.

PETER PAN. Julia Lockwood, Juliet Mills. (Scala MUS 5731.)

BILLY BUNTER'S SWISS ROLL. Michael Anthony, Derek Sydney, Keith Marsh. (Victoria Palace, VIC 1317.) Matinées only, Christmas Eve—January.

MISADVENTURES OF MR. PICKWICK. (Unity Theatre, EUS 5391.) To 22 January.

THE CORAL KING & THE PROVOKING OF PANTALOON. Caryl Jenner's English Theatre for Children. (Rudolph Steiner Hall, PAD 9967.) Tomorrow to 12 January (mats. Wednesdays 10.45 a.m.).

THE IMPERIAL NIGHTINGALE. (Arts Theatre, TEM 3334.) Today to 14 January.

Circus:

BERTRAM MILLS CIRCUS. (Olympia, FUL 3333.) To 4 February. *Ice Show:*

SNOW WHITE & THE SEVEN DWARFS ON ICE. (Wembley Stadium, WEM 1234.) Opens 26 December.

Ballet & light opera:

CINDERELLA. Beriosova, Seymour, Nerina. (Royal Ballet, Covent Garden, COV 1066.) Six performances, to 7 January.

THE NUTCRACKER. Wright, Burr, Minty, Ferri, Richards, Briansky. (London's Festival Ballet, Royal Festival Hall, WAT 3191.) 26 December—14 January.

GILBERT & SULLIVAN. (Prince's Theatre, TEM 6596.) Season to 18 February.

ORPHEUS IN THE UNDERWORLD, June Bronhill, Suzanne Steele, (Sadler's Wells Theatre, TER 1672/3.) 26—31 December.

HOORAY FOR DAISY, by Julian Slade & Dorothy Reynolds. (Lyric, Hammersmith, RIV 5526.) To end of January.

Shakespeare:

TWELFTH NIGHT. The Stratford Memorial Theatre Company. (Aldwych Theatre, TEM 6404.)

A MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM. Douglas Campbell, Alec McCowen, Gwen Watford. (Old Vic, WAT 7616.) To mid-February.

Crazy Gang:

THE YOUNG IN HEART. (Victoria Palace, VIC 1317.) Opens tonight. (See page 705.)

CHRISTMAS continues to convert Continentals from New Year. In Zürich a Lake Constance river steamer (top left) has been turned into a bookshop for the gift rush. St. Nicholas is invoked in Brussels (centre). Paris (left) fills its famous window displays with seasonal symbols.



Malta

THE MEDITERRANEAN'S YOUNGEST RESORT

P.S.

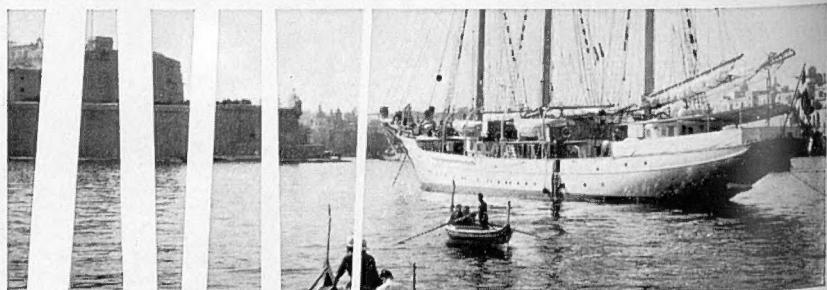
If you've got to have your great big yacht (and all that goes with it) you can have that too—a yacht marina will be ready soon. Until then, yachtsmen can use the natural safe harbours available around the island.

SEE YOUR TRAVEL AGENT FOR DETAILS

You simply won't need a great big yacht (and all that goes with it) while you're holidaying in Malta. You'll go out to sea in a dghajsa with only the sky for a roof—it's the thing to do.

Malta is gay, charming, sincere. Malta is a touch of Spain, a touch of France, of Italy and Tangier. Malta is east and west. Malta is living history—5000 years of it come alive in the silver shadows of the grand palaces of the Knights, the cathedrals, churches, neolithic temples. Malta is a museum of culture—cradle of some of the world's finest paintings, tapestries, sculptures, architecture.

Malta is the place to relax in—it's really quite unspoilt. The sky is always blue. The sea is always warm. The sunshine is guaranteed all year round. And there's no sky like Malta's night sky—a glittering shower of festa lights.





THE ARE SIGNS that the traditional side of Christmas is coming back into fashion. It used to be smart to sneer at the holly, to dislike the pudding, and to make a fuss about chasing round after presents. Today that sort of thing is not so rare of a laugh. After all, the Scandinavians are very Christmas-minded, and everyone knows that *their* taste is impeccable. Besides, the season's symbols do lend themselves to such attractive decorations. So people who feel unChristmassy should come to their gibe this year to the cashing-in of commercialism. This will be absolutely up-to-date, because they are likely to find that some of the "contemporary" cards that reach them even have *religious* motifs. You just have to come to terms with Christmas. It survives moods. It goes on and on, even more so than the fabled vicar of the parish where these choirboys practise their carols—Bray, in Berkshire

A NIGHT AT THE DOGS



The Gimerack Stakes and other events brought the usual big crowd to the White City for an evening's greyhound racing, which many combine with dinner in the stadium's trackside restaurant—a rare chance of eating, watching and betting at the same time.

Mr. Laddie Lucas had one of his noted private parties in the directors' box



*Watching as the dogs parade: Lady Wakefield, whose *Discreet Lady* won the third race*



*Lady Herbert, wife of Sir Alan, who was also in the party to watch her dog, *Even Favorite**



Mr. P. B. (Laddie) Lucas, managing director of the Greyhound Racing Association Trust

PHOTOGRAPHS: DESMOND O'NEILL



The White City track, viewed through the windows of the restaurant. All the dining accommodation is weatherproof and heated



The Countess of Westmorland places a Tote bet with one of the runners. Diners can bet from their tables and study form in the programme



In the restaurant was Mr. Jack Hylton, watching the final of the Gimcrack Stakes, won by Mr. P. Sanders's Wheatfield Countess



Lord Mancroft, whose wife is an owner, was here to see her Rialto Crown run in the G.R.A. Kennel Sweepstakes. It won (so did he)—32s. 6d.



Brig. R. O. Critchley, half-brother of the doyen of dog racing in Britain, hands the trophy to Lady Mancroft after her win



Tic-tac men keep abreast of the bookies' prices. A vast board, visible throughout the stadium, signals the changing odds on the totalisator



They're off. A blur of bodies as the six dogs burst out of the traps for the Gimcrack Stakes. There are normally eight races an evening

A NIGHT AT THE DOGS

concluded

MURIEL BOWEN: *The great card game*



A. V. SWAEBE

It hasn't reached the stage of a woman Father Christmas yet, but we do have a woman Assistant Postmaster General. She is Miss **Mervyn Pike**, M.P., and when I talked to her she had long since got all her cards signed and ready to go. "Sticking to the rules," she said breezily, but then it must be easier if most of your working day is spent in the midst of *'Post early'* notices. Miss Pike is M.P. for Melton Mowbray, and her card aptly depicts the dream of an Old Meltonian—the Cottesmore in full flight (as seen from her drawing-room window). Superimposed on it is a "dear old boy" taking a nap on the front bench in the House of Commons.

I thought there was also a nice Meltonian ring to Miss Pike's policy for people you never thought of who send you cards at the last minute: "Ages before Christmas I decide whom I'm sending cards to, and at the same time I decide, come what may, to keep my nerve." Be it cards or Cottesmore fences, blessed are they with that extra ounce of nerve.

Lady Salisbury-Jones (her husband, as Marshal of the Diplomatic Corps, has the most diplomatic of diplomatic jobs) has another approach to the same problem. The minute Christmas is over she sends a tiny calendar, suitable for a pocket or purse, to the missed-out ones. "I have to do something about them," she told me from a card-laden desk. "I'd feel so awful otherwise. Because, you know, even people who say that they don't like Christmas cards are always delighted when you send them one."

The Salisbury-Joneses are sending cards put out by a cancer research charity. "Actually they're made from ones that people sent last year, but they're so marvellous I can't believe it," Lady Salisbury-Jones told me. "I get them from a little woman in the north who collects them after Christmas every year." **Mr. A. Dickson Wright**, the surgeon, is also sending cards from the same charity.

Charity cards are catching on more than ever this year. The charities have been clever about it too; they have picked some lovely cards, worth having on their own merits. Some have earmarked designs exclusively for their own use. Among the charity customers are **Sir Brian & Lady Robertson**. They have chosen cards in a contemporary design which will benefit the Adoption Committee for Aid to Disabled Persons. Sir Brian does not send an official card, as British Railways have done away with them.

Also expecting to send a charity card, but rather late making his plans, was the **Bishop of Woolwich**, the Rt. Rev. J. A. T. Robinson. He

told me he hadn't really thought about cards yet, but would be going "up the High Street" in search of "something that will express the Christian message with strength and artistic merit, not the usual sentimental stuff." The **Countess of Huntingdon** takes the charity idea a step further. She supports charity, but *without* cards. Her reasoning: "It was such fun sending cards when one was a child and made them oneself. Now, though, it all seems to have become a commercial racket." Her husband feels the same, so for three years they haven't sent cards, but a cheque to charity instead.

But the Huntingdon plan seems to be getting out of hand. They've found that so many friends miss not getting Christmas greetings that this year they've printed a slip on their own hand-press. It tells their friends that they have not forgotten them, and explains that what they might have spent on Christmas cards is being sent to the Oxford Fund for Famine Relief.

Who else is sending what? **Lady Porchester** is sending a diminutive little card with Santa Claus on the front. **Sir Vivian & Lady Fuchs** have a whale with a Christmas tree in its mouth (with places like Antarctica on their mailing list the Fuchs have to think of Christmas a long way ahead: "We usually send a cable as well," Lady Fuchs told me, "to make sure the greetings get through").

The **Earl of Home**, Foreign Secretary, & the **Countess of Home** don't allow officialdom to crowd out the personal touch. She chooses cards on the old system, different ones for different people: "It's rather a labour but I'm sure it's worth it."

Capt. Cecil Boyd-Rochfort, who trains the Queen's horses, and his wife have a photograph this year. It's a backs-to-the-camera family shot, taken on a misty morning on the Heath with the Boyd-Rochforts, and her sons Mr. **James** and Mr. **David Cecil**, watching a string of horses being walked out. "Each year I mean to find something original, but the Captain prefers this sort of thing," Mrs. Boyd-Rochfort says.

Mrs. Robin McAlpine is in favour of that kind of card. "I like cards with children, as I can then keep up with how my friends' children are progressing. But I like the Christmassy cards best of all." Her pet hate: cards with "horrid little flowery verses" inside.

The **Lord Mayor & the Hon. Lady Waley-Cohen**'s card is a copy of a picture in Guildhall. It shows Queen Victoria's procession to Guildhall in 1837. **Mme. Rivera Schreiber**, wife of the Peruvian Ambassador, tells me theirs is the official

type, white with the Peruvian crest on the front and tied in the national colours of red and white.

How many cards are people sending? I should think **Mr. Gerald Nabarro**'s total would take some beating. He is sending 889. (I used to know an American politician, **Sen. Kefauver**, who sent 9,000.) The official House of Commons card goes to most of Mr. Nabarro's friends, and an amusing print of an Edwardian gentleman (with handlebar moustaches) and a pretty woman, to a small intimate circle. All 889 cards have an individual handwritten message.

Lady Kelly, authoress widow of Sir David (who used to be our Ambassador in Moscow), also has two cards. "I've got holy cards with lots of Christmas spirit, and they're for the pagans—all my pagan friends," she says. "Then I've got a picture of my house in Co. Wexford with the cows munching the grass outside. That's for all the people I'm trying to get over to visit me."

But the **Hon. Mrs. Rodney Berry** is sending out *three* different kinds. "Pretty and silly ones are for people like my old headmistress," she said. "Then I have amusing ones for the people who say that they don't like cards at all, and a coloured sketch for the rest."

Sir Hamilton Kerr uses a design of his own, one of his latest paintings. **Mrs. Anthony Greenwood**, artist wife of the Labour M.P., also designs the family card. It is a sharply pointed star with the dove of peace in the centre. There will be about 500 Greenwood cards on other people's mantelpieces.

"We only started to send cards four or five years ago," Mrs. Greenwood told me. "We felt mean about not sending any when we saw all our walls lined with cards."

Viscount Chandos only began sending cards five years ago—and he has sent the same one ever since. It's a slip of white paper, good paper, and it says: *Merry Christmas and Happy New Year. Oliver Chandos.* Before sending cards Lord Chandos had to write "Thank you" notes to people who had sent him cards.

Who's NOT sending cards? The only person I know of is **Mr. Jack Cotton**, the property king. His friends may be disappointed, but his secretaries adore him for his thoughtfulness.

Four days to go and still time to get one of the last few copies of

THE TATLER'S CHRISTMAS NUMBER

Profuse with colour, it's an entertainment about all aspects of British entertainment. 3/6; W. H. SMITH, WYMAN'S OR ANY BOOKSTALL

Morning-after meet— it followed the Eridge Hunt Ball



Tom Cooper, the Eridge Foxhounds kennel huntsman

Maj. R. E. Field-Marsham. He is joint-Master with the Marchioness of Abergavenny and Maj. Laurence Rook



Lady Vivienne Nevill, daughter of the Marquess & Marchioness of Abergavenny



Lady Rose Nevill (one of Princess Margaret's bridesmaids) on Blue Moon



Miss Penelope Riches. The meet was at Eridge Park, home of the Abergavennys

PHOTOGRAPHS: DESMOND O'NEILL

The Abergavenny crest and motto decorate the stable yard doorway. The Eridge riders had danced the night before at the Annual Hunt Ball held in Tunbridge Wells



In bandeau and beads, Miss Jenny Robins, with Mr. John Ellis-Hill



A brown Cossack hat for secretary Miss Christine Venn-Brown



Scarf and gloves for Miss Janet Ross who works as a model



Checked shirt for Miss Sarah d'Eccles from Elizabeth Arden's



In sloppy joes, Miss Ann Lloyd-Davies & Mr. Leslie Archer-Davis



Pearls, brief skirt, black tights, for Miss Elizabeth Thompson



Ski sweaters for Miss Elisabeth Lascelles and Mr. Martin Bishop



Headscarves for débs Miss Anne Summers and Miss Wendy Ball

Opposite: Miss J. Etherington-Smith & the Hon. E. Allsopp



MONDAY
NIGHT
AT
QUEEN'S is only one of seven opportunities to go skating every week at the ice club in Queensway. Some people avoid it because of the crush. But for others it's a regular date, for this is the most social evening of the week. These pictures show some of the skaters who were there on recent Mondays





A CHRISTMAS GHOST STORY BY RUPERT CROFT-COOKE

FOR THE OCCURRENCES of a true ghost story there must be no explanation. As soon as the scientist talks of psychic phenomena or aural illusions, there ceases to be a ghost story. An old silk dress may be found under the floorboards or a few bones discovered in the brickwork of the chimney but these satisfy no one except the addict who accepts them as the conventional origin of events, though in reality they can mean nothing. So I must warn you that for what I am about to relate I have no explanation to offer.

The facts are these. Some years ago Miss Ursula Redcar was alone in her flat in Edward Street, Bloomsbury on Christmas Eve. She was in her fifties, an intelligent woman of independent mind, assertive in her opinions but in no way eccentric.

During that year she had lost her only sister Cecilia, with whom for many years she had lived. They had been born and brought up in the New Forest where their father had a large doctor's practice, but they had moved to this flat on his death 20 years before and had never known another home.

Cecilia had died of heart disease (a family failing) in this same flat, and Ursula and her brother Robert, a doctor like his father, had been with her at the last and had attended her simple funeral.

Ursula was always considered the more strong-minded of the two; Cecilia though not frivolous had a rather irresponsible nature. While Ursula had been called "handsome" as a young woman, Cecilia was "pretty"; in the opinion of Mrs. Rogers, who had been their daily help for many years, she had made "a lovely corpse."

At about eleven o'clock that Christmas Eve, when Ursula was about to go to bed, the telephone rang. Ursula, feeling depressed at her first Christmas in solitude, was disinclined for cheerful conversation or good wishes from one of her many friends and at first thought of ignoring it. But it is always difficult to let a telephone ring itself out, and after a few moments she answered it.

The voice she heard, without any question, was Cecilia's. It was gay; there was, Ursula said afterwards, an echo of Cecilia's characteristic giggle. It sounded as voices on the telephone sometimes do, peculiarly close at hand.

"I've just rung up to wish you a happy Christmas," it said. "*Joyeux Noël*, my dearest." This Gallic greeting the two sisters had brought back from a winter in Paris and always used between themselves.

Ursula found herself trembling and chilled as though the room were an ice chamber. The first words she spoke were banal if not idiotic.

"But . . . you're dead!"

"I know, dear. I thought . . ."

"Cecilia!"

This time Ursula's voice had risen towards hysteria.

"Yes, dear?"

Calm, cheerful, commonplace, she sounded.

"Cecilia, *where are you?*"

As she asked this, Ursula pictured her sister as she had seen her last, serene in death, prepared for burial.

THE LINE WENT DEAD

"This line's so bad," said Cecilia's voice. "I can scarcely hear you. What did you say?"

Ursula explained afterwards that the very ordinariness of every word added to the horror she felt.

"Oh God! I said where *are* you, Cecilia?"

It seemed that she was slightly misheard.

"I'm all right dear," came the everyday tones. "How are you?"

Ursula's voice rose to a scream. She was fighting off a fainting fit.

"Cecilia!"

"That's better. I can hear you now. Well, dear, *joyeux Noël* and everything you wish in the New Year."

Again Ursula, trying to control her voice, could only manage to enunciate her sister's name. Still the voice at the other end was cheerful and natural.

"I must run along now. Till this time next year! Goodbye, Goodbye, dear!"

The voice was succeeded by the metallic buzz of a disconnected line.

For more than a minute Ursula stood there holding the receiver. She was sensible enough to recognize that whatever this call had been, however it had been made, it was over, and the buzz she heard was real enough. She did not, as a more weak-minded person might have done, call into the instrument or jab at the receiver hook. She replaced the receiver, then crumpled into a chair.

She did not move for nearly half an hour. Afterwards she would say that for that space of time she had been little short of insane. Her mind was too clouded to seek or invent explanations. She gave herself over to horror and dread. Then, pulling herself together a little, she dialled her brother's number.

Robert lived in Bayswater with his good noisy wife and two talkative children. He was as practical and sound as Ursula had always prided herself on being. There was no nonsense about him.

"Robert," said Ursula, trying to keep her voice steady, "could you please come over at once?"

"Is it something urgent?" asked Robert.

"Urgent? Yes. Robert! Please come immediately!"

"It's Christmas Eve," Robert pointed out. "The children are in bed and we've got to fill their stockings."

"This is a matter of life and death!" said Ursula—and not until afterwards did she realize the horrible aptness of her words.

They were so uncharacteristic of Ursula that her brother was impressed.

"I'll come," he said, though he still did not sound too willing. "I'll get the car out and come over."

"As soon as you can! Please, Robert, come at once!"

"All right. All right. I will."

When he reached the flat in Edward Street, Dr. Redcar found his sister in a violent state of nerves. Had it been anyone else he would have feared for her sanity. He gave her a tranquillizer and told her to take her time, but in a moment she began to recount what had happened.

Robert listened with a grave and sympathetic expression. "What a terrible illusion," he said at last. "You should have come to us for Christmas. I'm so sorry."

Ursula stared at him.

"This was no illusion," she said. "I only wish it were. If I could persuade myself that it was an illusion, I should be so relieved. A telephone bell can be no illusion. When you're sitting in the same room you either hear it or you don't. I heard it distinctly. I was in a perfectly calm state of mind and about to go to bed when it rang quite normally."

"But the voice?"

"The voice was Cecilia's."

"My dear Ursula, I'm very sympathetic but you must not be absurd, you know. Cecilia is dead."

"I know. That's what I told her."

"You *told* her?"

"Yes, Robert. I was so horribly startled. It was a ridiculous thing to say because she obviously wasn't dead, or how could she be telephoning to me?"

"My dear, must I remind you that we have seen and touched her dead body and watched it committed to the earth?"

"I tell you it was Cecilia. Do you think I could be deceived? She used our little private Christmas greeting—*Joyeux Noël*. Even you have never heard us say it. But apart from that I knew. I could hear her chuckle. She sounded . . . just ordinary, as though she were away for Christmas and had rung up to give me good wishes."

"Some wicked trick, Ursula. Some woman with a gift of mimicry. It can have been nothing else."

"I should have known. Do you think I shouldn't have known whether or not I was speaking to my own sister?"

"A recording then!" said Robert triumphantly. "Cecilia had a strange sense of humour. She must have made it before her last illness and somebody . . ."

"Robert, I know you mean to be kind but it's no good. It wasn't *first* Cecilia speaking. It was a conversation between us. She *answered* me."

Robert thought for a moment, then must have reverted to his original explanation that Ursula, alone in the flat she had so long shared with her sister, had been a victim of illusion or auto-suggestion.

"Whatever it was," he said, "it's over. . . ."

"But that's the awful thing, Robert. It's not. She distinctly said, '*Till this time next year!*'"

"Well, it's over for tonight," said Robert comfortingly. "Now you get your things together and come back with me. I'll phone Julie to say you're coming for Christmas after all."

Still dazed and a little resentful of Robert's sceptical common sense, Ursula obeyed.

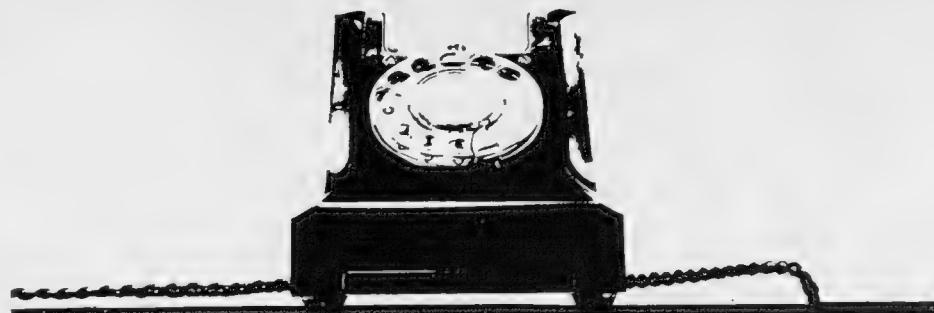
Ursula changed greatly in the following year. The confidence had gone from her manner and she habitually wore an expression of anxious expectation as though she awaited some blow and did not know how or whence it would come. Her brother, ever practical, wanted her to see a psychiatrist.

"Even if it was something more than an illusion," he argued, "the effect on your health is the same. I'm sure psychotherapy would be helpful to you."

But Ursula was obstinate.

"My mind is perfectly clear and I want no specious explanations for something that cannot be explained. A psychiatrist would be looking for the cause of this in *my* brain. If the cause is to be found it's not there."

"Where then?" asked Robert, but received no reply. He had taken what he called all practical measures, had been into the matter with the telephone authorities, who had no



record of an outside call coming to Ursula's number that night but could not of course say how many times it had been dialled from the London area. He had made tactful but fruitless inquiries to find anyone who had known the two sisters and who had a gift for mimicry. He had tried to persuade Ursula to see a colleague of his who specialized in psychiatric illusions. He was worried about his sister's state of mind but felt there was nothing else he could do.

As the next Christmas approached, however, he insisted that Ursula should spend it with him and Julie and the children in Bayswater.

"No, Robert. I can't do that," said Ursula. "Don't you see, *it might be worse!*"

He grew a trifle impatient then.

"What on earth do you mean?" he asked.

"She said, '*Till this time next year!*'"

"Don't be absurd. We'll have the phone disconnected."

"That's what I mean. She would find *some other way*."

"Really, Ursula? I know you've had an unnerving experience but you mustn't talk this kind of wild nonsense. Cecilia is dead. To suggest what you do is . . . positively blasphemous. Come to us and forget the whole episode."

Ursula shook her head.

"No. I must stay here. She wants me to be here."

Robert was about to ask who 'she' might be when he saw his sister's face, white and rather tragic.

"Then we shall come and spend the evening with you," he announced. "We couldn't possibly leave you alone. We can make arrangements for the children. I shall tell Julie today."

Ursula said nothing. Ungrateful, Robert thought, but he decided that he must make allowances. Ursula's state of mind was not normal.

So on Christmas Eve the three sat in Ursula's flat and Julie struggled heroically to keep the conversation cheerful. She was a kind soul, and though secretly she had always thought Ursula an overbearing person she was ready to give every sympathy to her in her present affliction. She and Robert privately referred to it as "this extraordinary mania of Ursula's" or "this nonsense Ursula has got into her head."

But despite Julie's best efforts conversation flagged, and after they had eaten a meal and were sitting round the fire the silences grew longer. However sceptical Robert and Julie might profess to feel, all three were quite unconsciously waiting.

When at last, towards eleven o'clock, the phone rang, Ursula seemed for a moment unable to move.

"Would you like me to take it?" asked Robert.

"No. I'll go," said Ursula rising unsteadily.

"Remember, my dear, we are both here with you. Whatever it is there is nothing to fear."

They watched as she crossed to the telephone and with slow uncertain movements put the receiver to her ear. They could hear nothing but they saw her face become transfixed with an ashen and wide-eyed look of sheer dread as she listened.

But what she heard they never knew. For in that moment of violent stress the family weakness betrayed her, and her heart ceased to beat.



BY ALAN ROBERTS



A BOULDER FROM BETHLEHEM

FOR THOUSANDS OF YEARS this three-ton boulder of warm-coloured limestone stood, as you see it here, in the Valley of the Kedron outside Bethlehem. It was there when Christ was born. It was there when He died at nearby Calvary. It was there until a few weeks ago. But today it is being converted into a font for Coventry Cathedral.

There, amid all the newness and modernity of Sir Basil Spence's architecture, it will stand as a symbol of Timelessness from the Holy Land. A gold dish is being countersunk into the top of it but otherwise it will remain exactly as it was and care has been taken to ensure that its natural surface remained undamaged during its long journey.

The idea of what is now known as the Boulder from Bethlehem was primarily the outcome of a misunderstanding. Over dinner two years ago, Sir Basil mentioned to another architect, Mr. Frankland Dark, that he had been to the island of Iona, the first Christian settlement in Britain, to look for a boulder. Mr. Dark, whose business frequently takes him to the Middle East (and who was, at the time, reading a book about Ionia) thought Sir Basil had said "Ionia." "Why not," he asked, "let me go just that bit farther to Jordan and bring you a boulder from Bethlehem itself?"

The idea was accepted with enthusiasm. But Mr. Dark was taken ill just before he was due to go East. Instead, his friends Sir Ferguson Crawford (then at the Embassy in Beirut) and Mr. J. E. Simpson (an architect in Jerusalem), went to Bethlehem to photograph likely boulders. This picture, taken by Mr. Simpson, is the one from which Mr. Dark made his choice. It shows the boulder in its place beside the road from Bethlehem to Hebron.

Besides Sir Ferguson and Mr. Simpson, many other officials and private individuals gave help to make the project possible, and transport and shipping companies, packers and agents contributed their services free throughout the whole of the journey.

Favourites of royalty, idols of the stalls, national institution—everybody's crazy about them, but...

THE CRAZY GANG: *are they funny?*

*An irreverent inquiry conducted by CYNTHIA ELLIS
on the eve of their last West End opening, with
photographs of the show taken by ALAN VINES*



THE CRAZY GANG: *are they funny?* CONTINUED

If the picture overleaf amused you, you can probably be numbered among those who are going to miss the Crazy Gang. Dressed up for a ribald take-off of the Ascot Gavotte scene from *My Fair Lady*, Jimmy Nervo, Bud Flanagan and Charlie Naughton there parade the essence of their art—earthy as Victorian music-hall, British as Betjeman, and as equivocally funny as a well-placed banana

skin. Tonight the scene forms part of the new show, *Young in heart*, that opens in London after a run at the New Theatre, Oxford, the only theatre outside London ever played by the Crazy Gang. These photographs were taken there. They say it will be their last show before they retire. How much will they be missed? Are they really funny, are they a habit, or have they become the done thing to



Unfailing ingredient in every Crazy Gang show, lots of pretty girls. These are the John Tiller line

THE COUNTESS OF BESSBOROUGH: "I'd always choose a serious drama for preference. But they're all right for light entertainment. I'd certainly take children to see them"



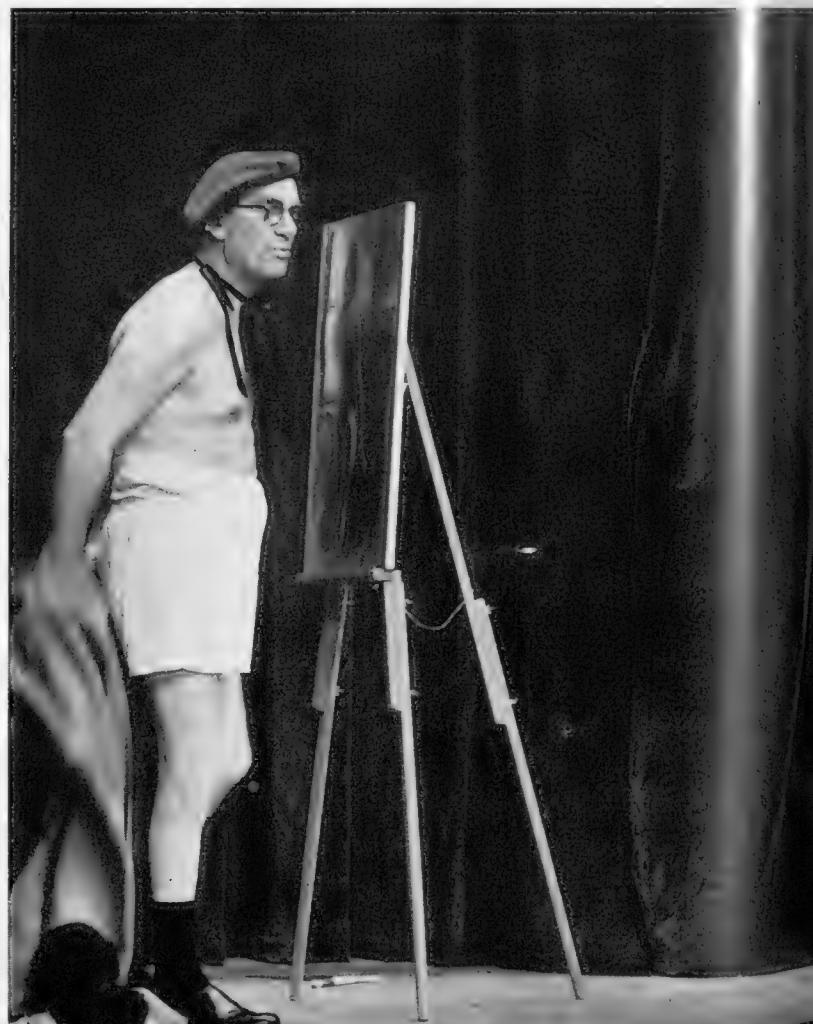
The man who is never alone with his cigarette (Jimmy Nervo). They dropped "Don't forget the fruit gums, mum"

A RESIDENT AMERICAN WRITER (no names, please): "One of the main things dividing the British and Americans is their humour, and the Crazy Gang's is an example. It's corny—it went out in America with burlesque 20 years ago"



Burglar Bud (one of the old-fashioned kind) wants to know if this is the Bank of England

MISS JEANNETTE CONSTABLE MAXWELL: "I suppose an unintellectual like me will always laugh at the Crazy Gang. Besides, old tattie-pie entertainment depends so much on your mood"





Nelson and performing pigeons in "On the square," with Monsewer E

MR. WILLI PAPAS, cartoonist from South Africa: "I think my country needs its own basic humour. There's always room for crazy people to prove just how crazy we are"

like? Certainly it is not only the old music-hall public who flock to see them. The Royal Family goes regularly to their shows (the Victoria Palace is after all only just around the corner from the Buckingham one) and the Gang are probably the nearest thing to modern court jesters—they dare to joke about royalty in the Queen's presence and never fail to win a laugh from her. It is un-

sophisticated humour, vulgar, full of dressing-up (the Gang reckon their Déb. skit was their craziest), and laced with the nostalgic songs that Flanagan delivers with endearing huskiness. Do people still like it, or do they just think it's democratic to say so? A quick poll of personalities was conducted to find out, and their answers appear with scenes from tonight's new show



"Is it cheaper in the nude?" asks the sitter. "Not really," says the portraitist, obliging just the same

LADY AYLWEN: "Their jokes are so silly and old that they're not funny any more. I enjoy pantomime, but the Crazy Gang just don't make me laugh"

In a Western version of "Hamlet," an Indian arrow trepans Ophelia (Charlie Naughton)

MR. EDWARD SUTRO: "Probably the female impersonation is their biggest comic pull. They do it so well. I went out of sentiment because it's their last run and there's nothing to replace them"

THE CRAZY GANG—*are they funny?*

concluded



Just three couples of swells from Leicester Square, the kind of role in which many will remember them best

MR. DON GEMMELL (*compère of the Players' Theatre*): "Complete contact with people is their success. They love to hear them laugh. It's going to be like losing India only this will hurt more . . ."

LADY DOUGLAS OF KIRTLESIDE: "I haven't seen them for years, but they used to be very funny—and such a British institution. Who could help laughing at custard pies?"

MISS CICELY COURTNEIDGE: "Their teamwork is the quality that has made them. I suppose they can't go on forever? But if they must retire at least it's at the height of their success."

DECLARATION OF STRAW POLL: IF NOT EVERYBODY, NEARLY EVERYBODY IS CRAZY ABOUT THE CRAZY GANG (*Looks like another long run!*)

LORD KILBRACKEN (*following his recent warning of past poetic aspirations*) goes berserk with . . .

A new Christmas carol

A HAPPY CHRISTMAS to all enemies and friends
In London, Dublin, and the world's ends!
With so many articles already written,
I find that my dormant Muse is smitten
By a strange desire—sudden, perverse—
To contribute the 50th in verse,
And to take the opportunity, what's more,
To avoid sending Christmas cards galore
To family, friends, admirers, haters,
Girls, ex-girls, ex-ex-girls, head waiters,
Publishers, editors, stockbrokers, heiresses,
Rich uncles (if any), mayors and mayoresses,
And especially to friends I seldom see
In Iran, Yugoslavia, Greece, Bali,
B.W.I., N.S.W., N.W.8,
Moscow, New Zealand and Notting Hill Gate.
Greetings to all of you, friend and foe!
—In this season of carols and mistletoe,
Of holly and robins and all things nice,
(And of sleet, snow, fog, smog, mist, gales, ice),
Let's all join hands and let's all be friends,
Before 1960 reluctantly ends,
And we'll forego for a moment—it can be done—
Talk of H-bombs and/or recessions in 1961.

A girl I'll remember, and then two men:
Bronwen and Brendan and Wedgwood Benn.

Kisses (platonic) to Bronwen Pugh!
May she soon establish a sparkling, new,
Balmain-inspired Cliveden Set
With underecurrents of Mistinguette.
A model Viscountess may she be
(Though rather in contrast with dear Nan-cee).

A toast to the quarest of quare fellas!
Though avoiding, *pro tem*, all bars and cellars,
All pubs, inns, bistros, speak-easies, saloons,
Give thanks, Brendan, and count your boons:
Raise, with Beatrice, your sober cruskeen—
You can never, at least, be a Might-Have-Behan.

Condolences to the former Mr. Wedgwood Benn,
The apotheosis of all common men,
Who finds, excusably, the sum of his fears
In joining *us* in the House of Peers.
But why not be big Benn, instead of blue?
—Disraeli could do it; why not you?

Today, by the way, is the shortest of the year.
As we approach the season of supposed good
cheer,
I, for one, can think of no better a

Thought than that the hounds of spring, etcetera,
Which may be rather premature on Dec. 21st,
But of all months, for me, Dec. is the worst.
I even prefer Jan., and the annual ebb
Is certainly over by the time it's Feb.
Therefore, already, I'm feeling stronger
Because, from today, the days are getting
longer;
And I drink a toast, however unseasonable,
To the one misguided swallow, unreasoning,
unreasonable,
Who, in due course, will try to make a summer,
In April, when the weather couldn't be bummer,
And who will finally succeed, and we can then
make hay
In the 12 days from then to Swithin's Day.
I raise my glass to August, and to lying in the sun
In St. Tropez, Juan-les-Pins, and S.W.1,
And to sunburnt girls, with or without
polka-dot bikinis,
Whether they be actresses, or seamstresses,
or tweenies.

But Christmas!—Usually, I send an ord-i-nary
Card (if I remember) to Christopher, Paul, Mary,
Katharine, Wynne and Kitty, Pat, Peters H.
and Knee,
Deacon, Oonagh, Gareth, Mary S.-S., Jill, Marie,
Marigold and Jonathan, the McAllisters,
Adrienne,
Midge and Orin, Blanaid, Guy, Dana, the
Lyons' den,
Priscilla, Robin, Anne and Douglas, Madeleine
and John,
Glur, John Bryson, Dáithí, Lucky, Topsy,
Rusty, Con,
Kay K., and several others whose names have
left my head,
And my base intention was to let these verses
do instead.

And yet, now they're written, I feel fairly sure
That some (if not most) will expect something
more.
Besides, as it happens, my Christmas cards are
ordered,
Showing Killegar, snow-covered, holly-leaf-
bordered.
With 80 lines written, it really seems a shame,
But I suppose, in the end, I'll send them all
the same . . .
To those I forget, I say here and now:
Sláinte! Bonne Année! Grüss Gott! Ciao!

LAST MINUTE PRESENTS

*put it in a box
tie it with a ribbon*



and get
yourself
out of
a hole . . .

You can't miss with a Pucci silk shirt. Example (opposite) printed in shades of grey, orange and yellow is from his latest Florentine collection at Woollards. Slacks worn with it are of medium-weight gabardine in a toning yellow, the scarf repeats the shirt pattern. All can be bought separately, the shirt at 17 gns., the slacks 14 gns., the scarf 7 gns. Christmas box on this page costs £60 at Calman Links, 33 Margaret Street, W.1. The greatcoat is of white Mongolian lamb, feather-light and lined with white satin. Three-strand necklace of cultured pearls has an antique diamond clasp that can be worn as a brooch. From a collection of antique jewellery at Richard Ogden in Burlington Arcade, £950



**LAST MINUTE PRESENTS**

CONTINUED

Here's a chance to spoil her with lingerie. Go to Fortnum & Mason for the Italian hand-made negligée boxed above. It's made of coral, blue and white bands of nylon with

inserts of lace and has a matching nightdress. Together they cost 94½ gns. but there are many less expensive items in Fortnum's collection of Continental lingerie



For pacemakers—a coat of Lakoda sealskin—the specimen in the box is the first of its kind in London. It has a deep ranch mink collar and you can buy it from Calman Links,

33 Margaret Street, W.1, for £650. 18-carat gold bracelet with antique seals from Richard Ogden, Burlington Arcade, bracelet: £27 10s., seals from a range £8-£35





LAST MINUTE PRESENTS

CONTINUED

There's a Neapolitan attraction about the contents of the box (opposite) where bands of lace alternate with fine satin ribbon in shades of palest yellow, pink, blue and lilac on the sleeves and deep-yoked neckline of a hand-made bedjacket of pure silk satin. Naturally it comes from Italy. You'll find it among the exciting range of Continental lingerie at Fortnum & Mason, Piccadilly, W.1, and it costs 19½ gns. The antique tremblant brooch in a floral design set with rose cut diamonds is from Richard Ogden and costs £750



Why not a hat? The featherweight turban (alongside) is of fashionable swathed gold net with black chenille dots and highlighted with a rhinestone brooch. From Jenny Fischer, 16 Motcomb Street, S.W.1. The cascade necklace of Italian beads in grey and black interspersed with tiny crystals costs £16 at Woollards. Or you could box a little luxury (as above) with a perfectly matched EMBA Diadem mink in rich golden beige with a huge shawl collar. It's just the jacket for a ball dress and you can buy it in the fur department of Fortnum & Mason for £575

Bursting from the box, two gifts to win the giver year-round popularity. Reason is that the heavy-knit white wool cardigan edged with tan and black stripes and teamed with a dead black skirt is smart for any season. Buy both at Jacqmar, 16 Grosvenor Street, W.1, who have an exciting range of sweaters in many colours. The cardigan costs 8½ gns., the skirt made from lightweight wool, costs £4 14s. 6d.

CONCLUDING

LAST MINUTE PRESENTS with a postscript (opposite) by:



COUNTER SPY

ESPIONAGE BY MINETTE SHEPARD
MICROFILM BY JOHN COLE

Stockings are hard to beat in the last-minute gift stakes—only make sure you have the size right. There are plenty of famous names to choose among and a variety of shades, including especially the popular dark colours. Stockings shown (from left) are Givenchy's seam-free and gossamer fine: 21s.; Limited Edition, an exclusive American stocking in a lacy mesh (available in black): 35s. 11d.; newcomers to the stocking field, Balenciaga's fully-furnished in 10 denier: 14s. 11d.; Lanvin Castillo's extra sheer 15 denier mesh: 12s. 11d.; Schiaparelli's fully-furnished 15 denier: 15s. 6d.; Christian Dior's seam-free 10 denier: 10s. 6d. All are from Woollards, Knightsbridge, S.W.1.

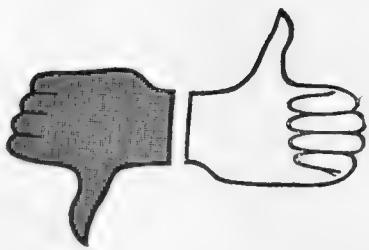
Shoes by Ferragamo, exquisitely embroidered, can be made to order in Italy. Both seen in shoes (left) are embroidered in pearls and diamanté and can be dyed to tone with customer's materials. The other pump is covered in iridescent paillettes, all have high, slim heels. Prices are from 19 gns. and orders take about six weeks. From Ferragamo, Old Bond Street, W.1.

Silk scarves for last-minute buys include (top row) a Hermès scarf with greyhounds on a chartreuse ground sketched by French artist Poret who has drawn animals belonging to members of the Royal family; 6½ gns., Faubourg St. Honoré, Jermyn Street. Prancing horses with ostrich plume tails and manes in blue on white: £3 17s. 6d., Woollards. Silk scarf with a motif of game: 47s., Liberty's. Another Hermès with Poret drawings of horses and foals in yellow and tan on white; 6½ gns., Faubourg St. Honoré, W.1.

Second row: From the original Annigoni painting, a storm-swept autumn scene in sombre browns & greens: 4 gns., Jacqmar. By contrast, an Emilio Pucci in brilliant orange & yellow: 6 gns., Woollards. Design of pale yellow & green butterflies and dragonflies: 5 gns., from Liberty's who also have the Lotus print on chiffon in royal red and purple: 45s.

Bottom row: Another Jacqmar with vivid colours splashed on white: 49s. 11d. New contemporary Christian Dior print with stylized cockerel in startling reds, purples, greens, yellows & blues: 4½ gns., Woollards. Dancing figures (black & white on cerise) for a scarf called *Keogh & Jazz* for Hardy Amies: £4 9s. 6d., Woollards.





VERDICTS

The play

The Tinker. Comedy Theatre. (Edward Judd, Ewan Hooper, Annette Crosbie, Sally Layng.)

The films

Spartacus. Director Stanley Kubrick. (Kirk Douglas, Laurence Olivier, Jean Simmons, Charles Laughton, Peter Ustinov, John Gavin, Tony Curtis.)

Elmer Gantry. Director Richard Brooks. (Burt Lancaster, Jean Simmons, Dean Jagger, Arthur Kennedy, Shirley Jones, Patti Page.)

The books

Autobiography, by Anton Dolin. (Oldbourne, 30s.)

Nijinsky, by Francoise Reiss. (Black, 30s.)

The Best Of Henry Miller, by Laurence Durrell. (Heinemann, 30s.)

Mathematics In The Making, by Lancelot Hogben. (Macdonald, 50s.)

The Glittering Prizes, by William Camp. (Macgibbon & Kee, 25s.)

A Tale Of My Life, by Mercedes de Acosta. (Deutsch, 25s.)

The records

Peter & Sophia, by Peter Sellers & Sophia Loren.

Songs For Swingin' Sellers, by Peter Sellers.

Sparky's Magic Piano, by Henry Blair.

Handful Of Keys, & Fats In London (No. 3), by Fats Waller.

Get Hi!, by Pat Dodd & others.

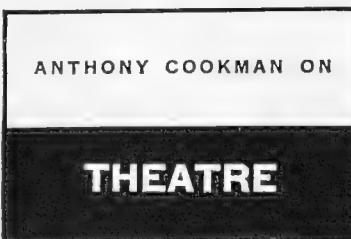
Listen To The Quiet, by Joe Bushkin.

Like Blue, by Andre Previn.

Satin Brass, by George Shearing.

The galleries

Lacasse, Drian Gallery.
E. W. Nay, New London Gallery.



The froth is the best part

THE AUTHORS OF **The Tinker**—a play discovered by the Bristol Old Vic and enterprisingly brought with its original cast to the Comedy Theatre—make rather a nonsense of their theme. They succeed all the same in creating a cheerful, even an exhilarating stage impression. Their description of the lighter side of life at a red-brick university has a lively authenticity. The ferment in the students' minds—whether they are pub crawling, flirting or wondering with youthful intensity what life is all about—is so vividly conveyed that the disaster that happens to one of their number, though its dramatic values seem all wrong, is neither the making nor the spoiling of the play.

We came away regretting that the play did not turn out, after all, to be a very good one but conscious of having been pretty well entertained. And that, in these days, is something to be grateful for.

Mr. Laurence Dobie and Mr. Robert Sloman would have been perfectly happy, I suspect, to continue in their second and third acts the spirited documentary of university life that occupies the whole of their first act. But the purpose of a play, when all is said and done, is to strike dramatic sparks out of a documentary background, and it is with almost visible reluctance that rather late in the day they single out from the merry rout of noisy, ballad singing, attitudinizing undergraduates a little group from whose complex of relationships drama may spring.

They concentrate attention on a popular chap who is regarded as a natural leader who, though flitting his second year carelessly with wine, women and song, is considered certain to get a good degree if he

should decide at the last moment to don the wet towel, sport his oak and get down to work. The trouble with Harry Brown is that he is of working-class origin and has so many chips on his shoulder that he falls into the easy pose of being a rebel against authority. He has to be dragged to a professor's sherry party and there sadly humiliates his girl friend with his offensive manners.

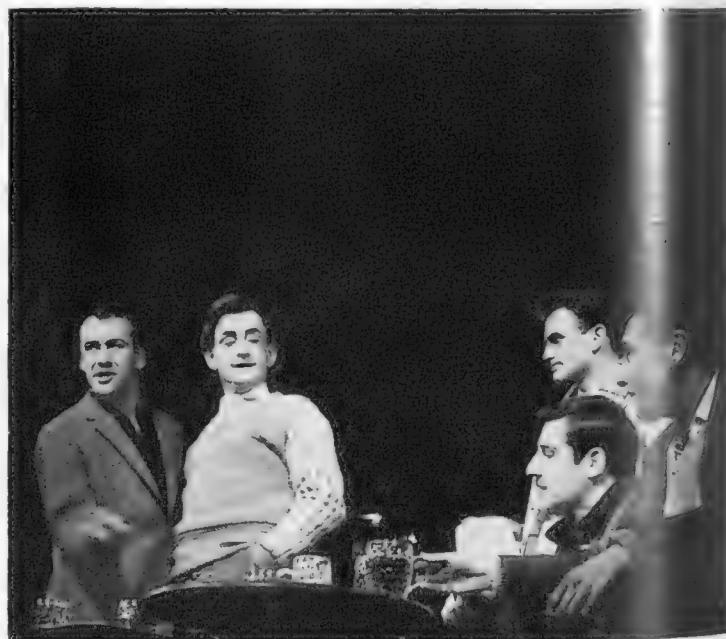
Unfortunately for the play's theme—which is the wastage of talent through a youth's failure to compromise with what he takes to be the idiocies of social conformity—the professor is shown as a clot untroubled by a spark of decency. Things are made no better for the theme when the hero's aggressiveness causes him to bring about the death of his *fidus Achates* by involving him in a climbing escapade, and the coroner dealing with the ease makes a public statement which is as odious as it is unlikely. The authors labour in vain to turn what is in fact an accident into a moral problem. The nasty professor can be trusted to rub his advantage well in, and there is an ineffectual attempt to make sheep

or goats among the hero's friends.

Anyhow, the hero is expelled. His career receives a setback and the girl friend whom he refuses to take away with him is left feeling that she has lost her only playboy of the western world.

It is all extremely sad, but we do not believe a word of it. We see plainly enough that once the authors have ceased to deal with young people in the mass, behaving naturally and with amusing irresponsibility, they have gone off the rails. They have exaggerated the stupidities of university professors and coroners for the sake of raising an Aunt Sally for rebellious-minded undergraduates to pelt, and they have shirked the real issues of their own drama.

These issues lie within the hero. But Mr. Edward Judd gives a splendid performance of whose inner difficulties the youth authors perversely by-pass. Miss Annette Crosbie is good as the girl friend who learns that she loves the hero more than she is loved, and Mr. Michael Page is not less good as the black student who has a more cultivated understanding of life than any of his white friends.



JEFF VICKERS
THE UNDERGRADUATES MEET in their communal pub to seek light relief from academic labours. Leader of the group (extreme left) is Harry Brown (Edward Judd). With him is Dai the Welshman (Robert Fyfe) and across the table his best friend Phil (Ewan Hooper) who is to die in a foolhardy climbing escapade, and two other cronies Arthur and John (Peter Birrel & Richard Gale).

ELSPETH GRANT ON

CINEMA

An excellent job

—I hated it

SPEAKING ENTIRELY PERSONALLY, I find it hard to interest myself in any of the characters involved in an epic that runs for well over three hours: the spectacle, which excuses the length, seems to me to dwarf the individual to such an extent that he or she is no longer a human being about whom other human beings can be concerned.

Mr. Kirk Douglas in the title role of *Spartacus* is clearly an early martyr in the cause of the democratic ideal, but when, towards the end of this long, long film, we loiter over a battlefield where tens of thousands of men, women, and even children (their little hands curled up like flowers) lie slaughtered by the Roman legions dispatched to destroy his rabble army—and when 6,000 rebel slaves are crucified along the Appian Way-side, I just lose any feeling I might have had about *Spartacus*. I am wondering why this sort of super-colossal film, in which the accent is on violence, cruelty and death, is currently regarded as box-office.

Maybe it is box-office: if so, I can only assume that it is because we who, however uneasily, have never had it so good, take pleasure in watching people than whom, positively, few can have had it worse: as long as their sufferings are filmed with a certain glamour, in Super-Technirama and Technicolor, the thing becomes, perhaps, entertainment.

Spartacus, a "third generation Thracian slave," is bought out of the quarries of Libya by Batiatus (Mr. Peter Ustinov—cosiest comic relief), who runs the school for gladiators at Capua where men are trained, by means that had me writhing in horror, to fight and kill each other for the amusement of the patricians. Among the women provided to keep the gladiators happy in their resting periods is Varinia, a beautiful Britannic slave (Miss Jean Simmons, lovely but somehow insipid, as the gals in these epics tend to be).

The Roman general Crassus (Sir Laurence Olivier, giving a faultless performance) pauses for an idle moment at Capua to see *Spartacus* do battle with an Ethiopian gladiator (the impressive Mr. Woody Strode) and Varinia catches his lustful eye. But she has fallen in

love with *Spartacus*, and when he organizes a successful revolt of the gladiators and sets out to liberate all slaves, everywhere, she throws in her lot with him.

As *Spartacus* and his rebel horde grow in strength, the political situation in Rome becomes tense: the defeat of a Roman legion by *Spartacus* brings matters to a head. The sympathies of Gracchus, an elder statesman of plebeian origin (Mr. Charles Laughton, quite restrained for him), are apparently with the mob: he is for letting *Spartacus* and his followers leave Italy, as they desire to do. Crassus, dedicated to the aristocracy, fiercely opposes the idea: the uprising must be put down for the sake of Roman prestige.

Crassus wins—in the Senate and in the field—and the ensuing carnage is appalling. *Spartacus* is the last of the rebels to be crucified. He, we understand, feels the fight for liberty has not been in vain, as Varinia and the son she has borne him have been bought and freed by good old Gracchus (who discreetly commits suicide thereafter). Looking down the long and grisly vista of the Appian Way, where the dead hang in their thousands, I could not feel entirely happy about this moral victory.

The young director, Mr. Stanley Kubrick, has done an excellent job as far as the spectacle is concerned—handling his crowds and deploying his Roman and rebel legions to splendid effect. The love scenes, poorly written, are less successful and even a mite off-putting but this is less the director's fault than Mr. Douglas's: he makes a fair enough man of Mars but a mighty mawkish lover. The dialogue, in the mouths of Sir Laurence and Mr. Laughton, sounds superior to that customary in epics—and Mr. Ustinov, as usual, would appear to have written his own, so exactly does it fit the oily, conniving character he has created. It is the bloodshed that I can't abide.

Mr. Sinclair Lewis's novel, on which the film *Elmer Gantry* is based, was hailed by the Literary Review (in 1927, when it was first published) as "The greatest, most vital and most penetrating study of hypocrisy that has been written since Voltaire." At the same time, of course, Mr. Lewis was strongly attacked by the heated followers of such redoubtable evangelists as "Billy" Sunday and Aimée Semple McPherson, for whose activities Mr. Lewis clearly had the greatest contempt. Controversy raged.

It might well rage again over the film—but for a different reason: Mr. Richard Brooks, the scenarist and director, has not the full courage of Mr. Lewis's convictions—and has so far pulled his punches that one is left with the impression that though Sister Sharon Falconer (Miss Jean Simmons) was undoubtedly out to make all she could

from revivalism, she was basically sincerely religious. Since she first appears before her flock coyly dressed as a milkmaid and carrying a pail of milk (the milk of human kindness?) I find it hard to take her as a serious *religieuse*.

Mr. Burt Lancaster is excellent in the title role—as the travelling salesman with a big, empty laugh, the gift of the gab and a bawdy story or a Bible quotation for every occasion. He was once a divinity

student—until he was sacked for seducing the rector's daughter behind the altar—and his knowledge of Biblical matters comes in useful when he joins Sister Falconer's itinerant troupe of red-hot gospellers.

There is a fine performance, too, from Mr. Arthur Kennedy as a cynical (or sane?) journalist who is all on Mr. Lewis's side, and the film admirably captures the hysteria of the revivalist meetings.



MINISTERING ANGEL 1: In a chic piece of sacking Jean Simmons (top) pours a thirsty apprentice gladiator a drink in *Spartacus*. MINISTERING ANGEL 2 . . . and it's Miss Simmons again (above), this time enduring the noisy advances of the brash revivalist with a heart of pitch (Burt Lancaster) in *Elmer Gantry*

SIRIOL HUGH-JONES ON

BOOKS

M. Dolin puts the record straight

GREAT MALE DANCERS HAVE usually hacked out a niche for themselves in the world without experiencing the *ballerina assoluta's* evident crying need to put it all down on paper. The gentlemen seem more prepared to accept the fact that they owe it all to hard work, or strong wrists, or the ability to jump very high, or the elegant shape of their nobly curved legs, and aren't fretting to get down to analysis. Anton Dolin, on the other hand is quite exceptionally articulate. He has already written a "first autobiography" called *Divertissement*, and now comes another called *Autobiography*, so that you can get the whole thing straight in your mind.

Mr. Dolin's book is the familiar round of tears and laughter, triumph and failure, a great big bouquet here, yet another plane flight there ("After many years, I saw again the Royal Hawaiian and Moana Hotels clearly. . . ."). Sometimes one has the impression that life is one interminable tour, punctuated by mad cries of joy from loved ones waiting for the Company on many a railway station and air strip, and the sharp machine-gun rattle of incessantly breaking bones.

Mr. Dolin runs on rather too much, and is inclined to sound faintly scratchy from time to time, such as when he remarks tartly "I didn't blame her, for any irritation she may have felt—and certainly showed—was, in all fairness, well founded" when Markova drives to Sacramento on her own, having had quite enough of a small car containing Miss Hazel Hergenhahn, Mr.

Forest George, herself and the author. The point is, does anyone actually care? The book is richly illustrated with photographs of the author, sometimes alone, at others with Markova, Fonteyn, Judy Garland, Gracie Fields, the late Queen Mary and Diaghilev's tomb.

I should have doubted whether there was room for yet another book about Nijinsky, but here one is—*Nijinsky*, by Francoise Reiss. Here again are the schooldays, the unreal, sudden—and wordless—shipboard engagement, the last frightful recital, the sad, mad drawings, the photographs of that withdrawn, heavy face and those colossal biceps. Among the material new to me, I was pleased and awestruck to learn of the old lady who watched Nijinsky leaping lustfully around as the Golden Slave in *Sheherazade* and was moved to cry out "I wish he were my son!" The Comtesse de Noailles, no less transported, wrote "I am possessed by the vision of those flying, athletic legs enveloped in wide silk trousers, sparkling above the crowd, transported yet controlled by the secret passion of his character." Maybe it's as well one doesn't stumble on sparkling, passion-transported legs every day of the week.

The **Best of Henry Miller**, edited and introduced by Lawrence Durrell, is the first work by this much admired writer I have read. If only because Mr. Durrell, my hero, thinks so highly of him, I have truly done my best, without so far experiencing more than a feeling of some exhaustion, as if someone had been shouting in my ear for several hours without a break. . . . **Mathematics in the Making**, by Lancelot Hogben, is an extremely handsome book in which I am sure of understanding only the ands, ifs and buts, having what Mr. Hogben generously calls "the naïve notions of subtraction and multiplication in the domain of the abacus or of the Euclidian figure," and now I think of it I'm not too certain what he means by that Euclidian figure bit. I daresay there are quite a few people alive who will catch Mr.

Hogben's drift, and even for me there is certain wild pleasure in reading paragraphs of (to me) such majestic obscurity.

The Glittering Prizes is a bleak study of F. E. Smith by William Camp, which so refuses to become over-excited about its subject that one is left with the glum impression of a heavy drinker who made some good after-dinner speeches on the occasions when he could stand up. It's not even deeply interesting, and whatever Birkenhead was, it seems unlikely he was ever a bore.

Mercedes de Acosta, author of a weird autobiography called **A Tale of My Life**, is also the author of *Moods*, *Wind Chaff* and *Until The Day Break*, and the sister of the beautiful Mrs. Rita Lydig, who ran through a fortune and had lashings of good taste. Mercedes is evidently a strange mystical lady, whose great chums were Isadora Duncan, who frequently danced for her for four hours at a go ("humming in a curiously low tone that often gave me the illusion that the sound was coming from somewhere far away and not from her at all"), and Garbo, with whom she gathered rambler roses at the foot of a mountain and who gave her a Christmassy pair of rubber boots. Miss de Acosta writes like a gossip columnist, and should know by now that her friend Laurence Olivier doesn't have a "w" to his name.

GERALD LASCELLES ON

RECORDS

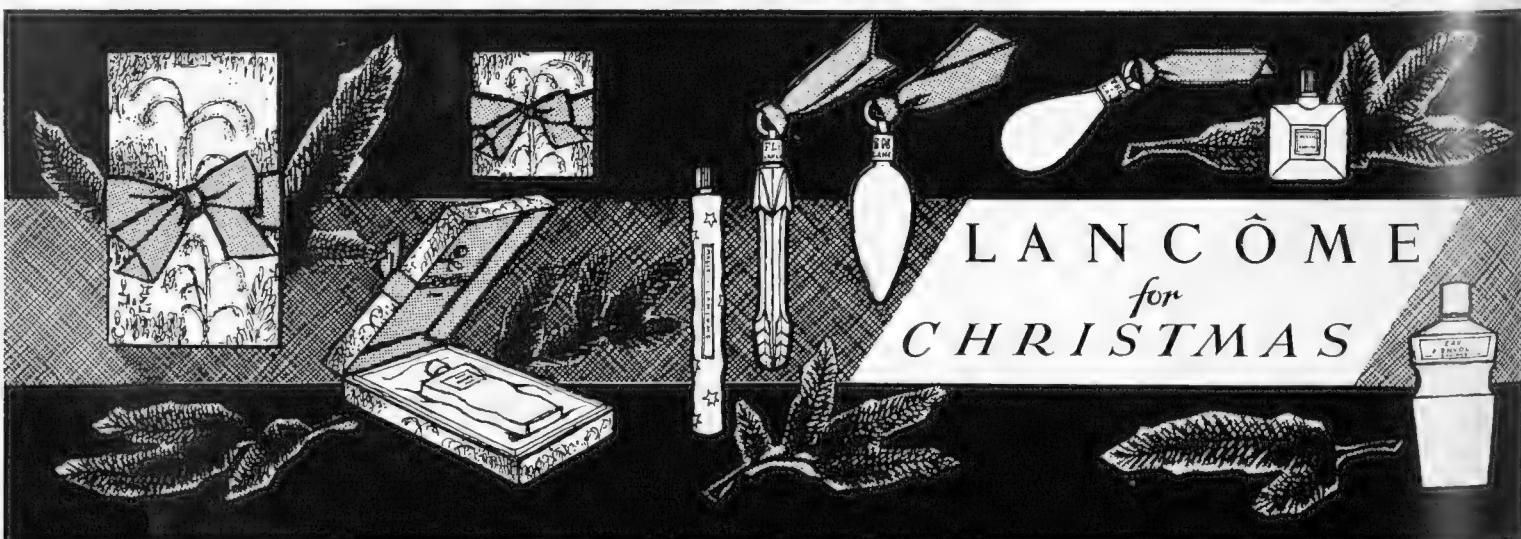
When exhausted, listen to these

THIS IS NOT THE SEASON TO SIT down and listen to serious jazz, or any other music for that matter, so I am confining my choice to records

which, when exhaustion sets in, may provide some enlightening moments. Do you know, for instance, about the ancient art of "setting fire" to a policeman? I don't recommend it today, but Peter Sellers has obviously perfected the technique. This and other improbable ideas arise from an innocent get-together between him and Sophia Loren, called **Peter & Sophia** (PMC1131). The incorrigible Mr. Sellers makes another witty assault on the microphone in **Songs for swingin' Sellers** (PCS3003). If these sound a little too sophisticated for the very young, try Henry Blair's **Sparky's magic piano**, a delightful piece of inconsequential storytelling with a fairy-tale atmosphere.

I think Fats Waller, jazzman and humorist extraordinary, has something to offer to all ages. His **Handful of keys** (RD27185) recalls some of the great pieces from his repertoire, like *Lulu's back in town* and *My very good friend the milkman*. When in England in 1938, he recorded several tunes, of which a selection appears on 7EG8602. More frivolity and back-chat to a jazz background comes with the joint efforts of Bing Crosby and Louis Armstrong in their sparkling **Muskrat ramble** (45MGM1 07). The conventional Dixieland style has been interpreted by few people better than Eddie Condon, so I welcome the inclusion of his **Heebie jeebies** in the Junior Jazz Gallery series (JAZ115). They put within reach of the impecunious collector selections from some of the best LPs made by Basie, Beech, Ellington, Davis, and other top ranking artists.

Some boisterous revelry for any party is the theme for P. Dodd's **Get hi** (CLP1401). Most of the top tunes of the twenties seem to have found their way into this album, plus a choice of the favourite party dances, such as *Lambeth Walk*, *The hokey cokey*, and *Knees up Mother Brown*. If this fails to set you going, there is nothing to do but lapse into the semi-somnolence provoked by albums like Joe Bushkin's **Listen to the quiet** (ST11 5), where



piano, orchestra, and chorus blend soothingly to lull you into a sort of suspended state of animation. Andre Previn, who is best known for his pianistic versions of swinging show tunes, has teamed with leader David Rose to record an album in similar vein, titled **Like blue** (MGM-CS6003). **Satin brass** livens the pace, and belies its brazen title by allowing George Shearing's rhythmic piano to dominate the scene most of the time. Not only does George have time to play one of his own compositions, *Night flight*, but he is allowed to present seven of his own arrangements (ST1326).

If you still want to come back bouncing into the fray, you cannot fail to enjoy Bill Doggett's **On tour** (PMC1124), in which is featured his masterly Hammond organ playing. Another swinger is Earl Bostic, who literally blasts his way through **Broadway show tunes** (PMC1125), all highly danceable in an energetic sort of way.

ALAN ROBERTS ON

GALLERIES

The painter so like Van Gogh

I ALWAY TELL MYSELF THAT IT IS idle to speculate what *might* have happened to the many short-lived, but great, artists had they lived longer. Yet I can seldom resist the temptation, when it arises, to ask such fascinating questions as: "What would Raphael have done had he survived?"

At the Drian Gallery this week I found myself not only asking this sort of question about Van Gogh but getting a pretty convincing reply from the wonderful exhibition of work by Joseph Lacasse.

Remember Van Gogh's views of the environs of Auvers, with their green, green hills and red, red roofs, painted in the last few weeks of his life? I remember, in particular, the most famous of these last landscapes, the *Cornfield with crows*, with its dramatic, ink-blue sky, its startlingly yellow corn, its daring red earth?

Now it may be hard to imagine that fanatically humanist man Van Gogh turning abstract painter, but it is not difficult to imagine these paintings carried one or two steps further in the direction of simplification until they are, in fact, abstract paintings. It is, indeed, something very like this that Lacasse seems to have done in a few of his canvases.

But it is not only in these few that his affinity with Van Gogh is strongly felt. The mad-making heat of the Midi which burnt up the

canvases of the Dutchman's Arles period is felt again radiating from nearly all Lacasse's major paintings. His reds and oranges can singe your eyelashes and even his blues burn.

After experiencing them it is not at all surprising to find that though his powerful self-portrait of 1912 is Cubist-influenced, it is drawn with a pen handled exactly as Van Gogh handled his in his last drawings. And it is not surprising to learn that there were certain parallels between the lives of the two men.

During the last war he was in England, at first as director of a rehabilitation centre for wounded soldiers, then teaching ceramics. In 1946 he returned to Paris where he has lived, worked and been more or less ignored ever since.

Apart from the intense zeal with which he strove to learn his art and apart from his love of "hewers of wood and drawers of water" for his earliest subjects, Lacasse had, and still has, much of Van Gogh's burning idealism towards his fellow men. And although his paintings are now almost entirely abstract they are, like Van Gogh's, filled with the love of life.

I cannot recall the work of any other living abstract painter who has given me so much straightforward pleasure. And I strongly advise anyone who still has doubts about the validity of abstract painting to see this exhibition.

At the New London Gallery an exhibition of another, very different, sort of abstract painter's work also deserves a visit. How different Ernst Wilhelm Nay is from Lacasse is readily summed up in the fact that he is German. Whereas Lacasse may be said to have come to abstraction "by Cubism out of Post Impressionism," Nay came to it "by serendipity out of German Expressionism."

Against his earlier works listed in the catalogue I find I have written notes like, "Munch, Nolde?" "Henry Moore-ish figures," "Kandinsky?" "Ernst-ish." But most of his recent paintings are of the sort that make the uninitiated say, "Anyone could do that." Patches, predominantly roundish, ragged-edged patches, of strong, bright colours are scrubbed on to large canvases with an apparent facility that hides colour-scheming of a high order.

Sometimes, particularly in the watercolours, the colour is subtler and sweeter, and seems to float dreamlike before the eyes, so that one is convinced, temporarily, by the idea attributed to Nay in a rather pompous introduction to the catalogue, that, "Painting means making manifest an inner image responding to the oneness of man and the universe . . . in such a way that the eye alone is the organ and the instrument of sensibility."

But then I, at any rate, think about Lacasse and Van Gogh and dozens of others, and don't believe a word of it.



DINING IN

Helen Burke

Ventures to the interior

EVERY YEAR PEOPLE WRITE TO ME asking about new ideas for stuffing the turkey. First, try using rice instead of breadcrums. One can make a wettish risotto, sweetened with a handful of currants or sultanas, and fill the body space loosely with it, remembering that rice swells when cooked, and if packed tightly could expand to such an extent as to damage the shape of the bird. Anyone who makes risotto knows that the more savoury things go into it the better it will be liked.

The basic English breadcrum stuffing for the body can be extremely good but it calls for lots of savoury ingredients of which, as for risotto, there is an infinite variety. Here is one combination:

Simmer together 4 oz. each of butter and chopped smoked streaky bacon. Add the turkey liver in one piece and a chopped onion—as large or as small as you like—and cook these together until the onion is translucent. Remove the liver and chop it. Return it to the pan with the chopped cooked gizzard and heart from the giblet stock and 4 lb. chopped mushroom stems. Already this is a very savoury mixture. Now, if you like the idea, add 3 oz. or so of sultanas or half a dozen chopped stoned prunes.

Have ready the crumbs from a day-old small tin loaf, stirred over a good heat so that they take on the flavour of very lightly toasted bread (never leave them when this is going on because the crumbs burn easily). Add them to the mixture, together with 2 or 3 tablespoons of chopped fresh parsley, $\frac{1}{2}$ to 1 teaspoon of powdered thyme, the same of rosemary, if available, and pepper and salt to taste. Mix thoroughly.

When seasoning the stuffing, remember that a fair amount of the giblet stock will be used to moisten it. I suggest this test: Pinch a little of the stuffing between the finger and thumb and taste it. You can then judge how much salt it requires. For most of us a little pepper more or less is not so serious.

Moisten the stuffing right through with the strained giblet stock—many stuffings are much too dry.

For the breast stuffing, the mild flavour of chestnuts and finely minced fresh pork could be the best

of all. Wipe 1 lb. or more of the best large chestnuts, make a slit in the shell of each and drop them into very hot fat for about 10 seconds. Both shells and skins can then be peeled off easily. Cook the chestnuts in a little of the giblet stock until really tender, then drain and chop them. Mix them into 1 lb. finely minced pork. Add a finely chopped onion, first cooked in a little butter, and a little salt and freshly-milled pepper.

Lift the skin from the breast of the bird and force some of the stuffing between it and the breast, then fill in the remainder to a nice full-breasted shape.

To bake the turkey: Pass two thicknesses of thick greaseproof paper through water to make it pliable. Drain well. Place the bird on them. Cover the breast with thin strips of fatty bacon (the cheapest cut), sprinkle it with pepper and salt and wrap it completely in the double paper. Place it on a V-shaped rack, breast down, or on one side for the first hour and on the other side after that. Towards the end of the cooking, take a peep at it and, if it is not browning enough, tear away the paper.

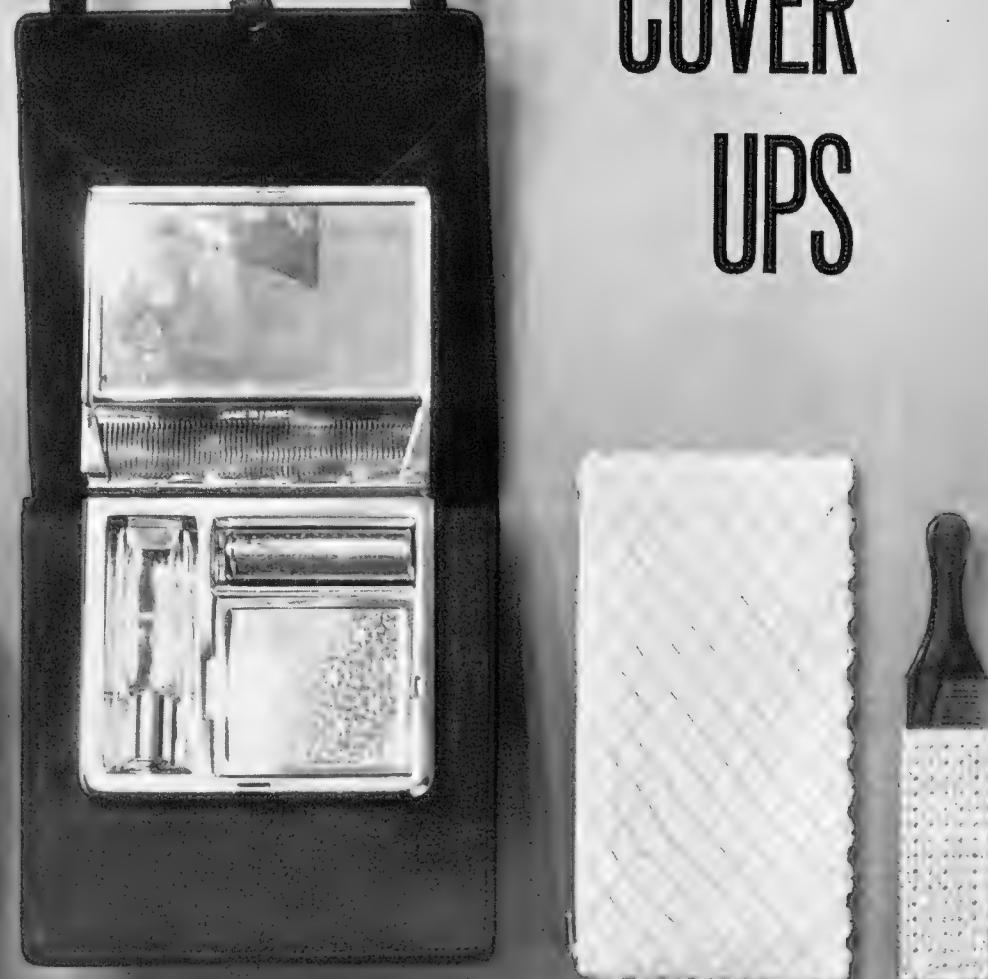
Here are the temperatures and cooking times for turkeys of various sizes, weighed, stuffed, ready for the oven. Unstuffed birds should be cooked for 5 minutes a pound less than the given figures.

Eight to 10 lb., 325 degrees Fahr. or gas mark 2 to 3—3 to 3½ hours; 10 to 14 lb., same temperature and gas marks—3½ to 4 hours; 14 to 18 lb., 300 degrees Fahr. or gas mark 2—4 to 4½ hours; 18 lb., same temperature and gas mark—4½ to 5 hours; 20 lb., same temperature and gas mark—5 to 6 hours.

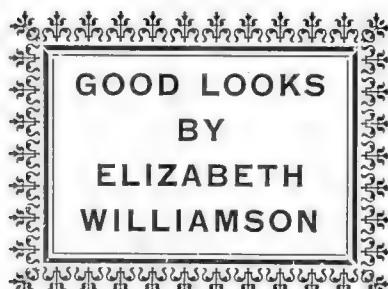
The leg joints will have set after 1 hour's baking so it is a good idea to cut their trussings to release the leg ends from the tail to allow the inside of the legs, the thickest parts, to be cooked thoroughly.

Take the turkey from the oven 20 minutes or so before it is to be served. Not only does this allow time to remove strings, skewers and so on—and make the gravy in the usual way—but it also leaves the meat to settle and it's much easier to carve. Meanwhile, of course, keep it in a warm place.

COVER UPS



PRISCIL CONRAN



Beauty, which is a game of guile, depends on the cover-up. Not just the cover-up of physical flaws, but the cover-up of the impedimenta that covers up. For if the effect is obtrusive, you're lost. And what's more obtrusive than a bag bulging with bottles too big for it, or even an attention-compelling refusal of dishes that dish a cherished diet? Starting with a cover-up for apparatus: a lacy box, ribbon-threaded and frilled, that keeps cotton wool in check (a wrapper twice the size holds tissues): 19s. 6d. and 30s. from Halcyon Days, Brook Street. Evening bags are never big enough or built for the job—this sleek black silk one has a gilt compartment to carry lipstick, mirror, scent, comb, powder, in one neat dose. From France, it costs 11 gns. at Liberty. Or, you could solve the problem with a white satin purse webbed with '20s-style beading: 15s. 6d. A diamanté-studded oblong covers up for a tortoiseshell comb, a brush: 35s. A gilded Italian box to take a dieter's supply of sugar substitute isn't for admirers of La Dolce Vita: 3 gns. A bee pin to anchor and cover up for truant hair, 7s. 6d., last four from Presents of Dover Street.

Liquid sugar substitute is the best cover-up for the sweet-toothed, as it adds nothing to measurements and allows for greater scope in meal planning. Makes possible, in fact, such forbidden sweet things as raspberry foule when you make it like this: Put 1 lb. of sliced apples into a saucepan with 14 drops of liquid sugar substitute and cook until soft. Mash and cool. Then dissolve one packet of gelatine in hot water, stir in $\frac{1}{2}$ pint of raspberry yoghurt, two teaspoons of caster sugar, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon cinnamon and add apples. Leave to set in a bowl mixed with cold water and chill.



MAN'S WORLD

David Morton

IN FOUR DAYS A MILLION OR SO Britons will start invading the bathroom shelf-space with their share of £500,000 worth of men's toiletries. These are favourite gifts, and most of the advertising is aimed at women—*Make Him Spruce*. The other part is aimed at scotching the male fear of effeminacy—*designed for men—by men!* But there's a big hole left in this advertising—what does the stuff do for you? Here's a breakdown to help rationalize.

Pre-electric shave lotion has an alcohol base that removes grease and prevents the shaving head slipping over the hairs, an additive makes the hair stand up in the path of the laver. After-shave lotion contains alcohol too, but the prime function here is to remove traces of soap. It also closes the pores and contains a germicide and an emollient to soothe the skin after the roughening action of a razor blade, etc. Deodorants are gaining ground despite of their too-clinical

name. (Can't some bright copywriter improve on it?) They don't prevent sweating, and would be harmful if they did, but they do contain chlorophyll that destroys bacteria and thus eliminates the source of the trouble.

Generally speaking, the dearer the product, the longer the smell stays. That's because more musk has been used which, though a foul smell in itself, has the property of slowing down the release of other smells. Another field the maker can explore is the presentation of his range, hence aerosols, plastic squeeze bottles, and push-top dispensers.

Which being said, let's take a look at some of the leading brands. If you aren't frightened of stealing something from women, go and buy a big and expensive bottle of Eau d'Hermes in Jermyn Street. It has a pleasant and not too powerful smell of lemons.

A new arrival is the MARK VARDY range—talc, deodorant, cologne, foam shave and pre and after-shave lotions—the perfume is lasting and pleasant, not too overpowering and the packaging is outstanding. Simpson's of Piccadilly produce a range called WEST ONE, elegantly packed in black and white boxes of ingenious design. Pre-shave, after-shave, hair tonic and cologne are sold in easy-to-hold bottles, and there is also a splendid plain white block of soap that would be hard to lose in the bath. William's AQUA

VELVA is an old favourite. They have recently brought out Ice Blue Aqua Velva with a more pronounced but equally masculine smell.

YARDLEY's range is one of the most complete—14 varieties in their new y-symbol house style. They do an after-shave for tender skins which doesn't sting but does refresh, and helps to heal shaving cuts.

ATKINSON have turned a new face to the world with well designed packs, they sell an after-shave in crystal "gel" form—again, freshness without the sting. LENTHERIC have produced a number of permutations of their range for gift boxes; they do an effective scalp stimulant, and produce a deodorant in practical stick form. PERSONALITY market a range called TABAC which has the smell one would expect from the title—inspired by cigar boxes. Their after-shave is in a squeeze pack, and they do a matching soap containing turtle oil. This soap is packed in a wooden crate and is enormous—5½ inches long.

Max Factor were one of the first firms to produce aerosol-packed shaving cream—one of the inventions of the century in my opinion. LAZY SHAVE is the name, and the lazy man who takes too long over his shave will find their busy man's bar useful—after-shave, cologne and a non-greasy cream hair dressing in press-top dispenser bottles.

Helena Rubinstein produces two ranges for two price brackets. The

dearer one is PRINCE GOURIELLI, in cocktail-shaker shaped bottles. The after-shave lotion contains no alcohol, so doesn't sting; it is a creamy preparation for tender skins, and corrects sealiness. The cheaper range is called TANG—and there is a neat gimmick to the pre-and after-shave lotions; the bottles are like ball-point pens. GREEN WATER, by Jaques Fath, is gaining ground here. It is a toilet water in an aerosol bottle covered in green flock—the best way of applying toilet water if you remember to shut your eyes. Arden for Men believe in making packaging work—the most expensive gift pack available is a pigskin document case with their range nesting inside. £37. They also sell a wicker wine cradle, or the TRAVELAIRE, a press-fastening container holding four lightweight bottles and four small tablets of soap.

Finally OLD SPICE with that spicy smell. The white glass bottles have the appropriate look of porcelain and the red packages make a handsome present. I recommend their shampoo in a practical squeeze bottle. A colleague enthusiastically endorses their pre-shave lotion, and according to their press handout, Old Spice was instrumental in getting two warring chinchillas to reproduce their valuable species... the female stopped attacking the male when he was sprayed with Old Spice. The inference is obvious.

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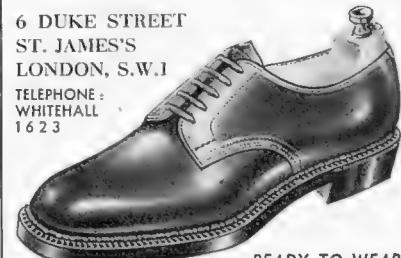
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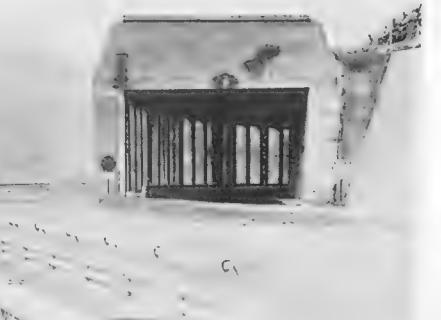
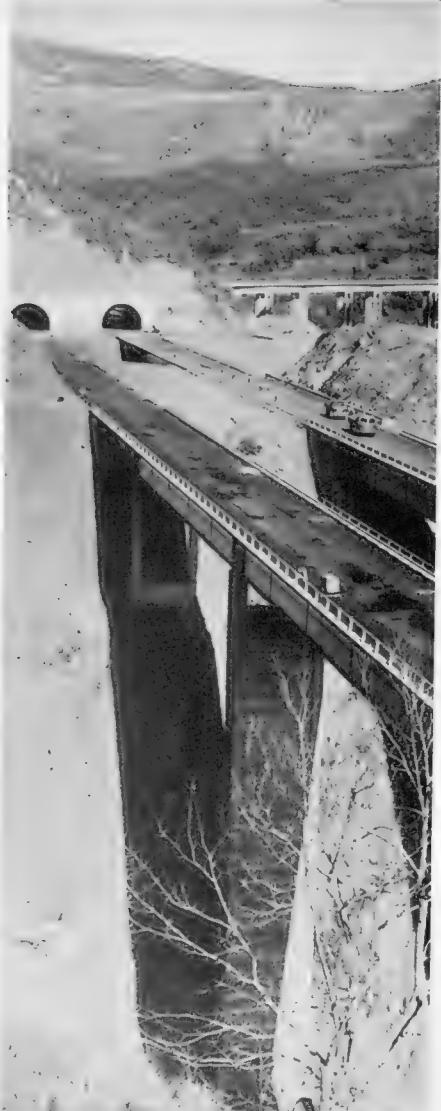
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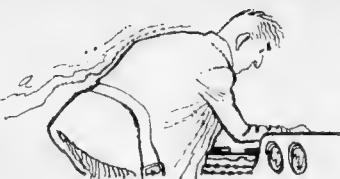


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EUROPEAN ROADS keep pace with car production. The 500-mile-long Milan-Naples project is due for completion in 1963. Top: Bridge and tunnel complex near Bologna. Middle: A tunnel approach. Above: Anti-landslide



MOTORING

Gordon Wilkins

For those who want to understand the car crisis

A YEAR AND A HALF AGO, WHEN CAR exports were booming and the motor industry seemed to be at a peak of prosperity, I said it was putting too many eggs into the North American basket and should be trying harder to increase its share of the fast-growing and more stable European market, against the day when the Americans brought out their own compact cars to fight the imports. The idea was so unusual at that time that I was invited to debate it on television with the Hon. Brian Rootes, but it doesn't look so odd now.

Because we made ourselves so dependent on the American market we have suffered most from the current drop in imported car sales. Yet in the past five years our exports to Europe have declined at a time when European countries have been *increasing* their imports of cars by 75 per cent. In fact our share of this market has dropped from nearly 30 per cent to about 16 per cent. So we suffer a double decline, affecting both sides of the Atlantic.

The figures for new registrations of imported cars in the United States for the first seven months of this year show clearly the relative performances of the European exporters.

First comes Volkswagen (who in this difficult year have actually increased their sales by 38 per cent) with a total of 89,545. Second is Renault, who sold 44,880 cars, a drop of 5 per cent compared with last year. Opel, General Motors' German subsidiary, with 17,997 sales, have dropped by 22 per cent, but have ended up ahead of Ford of Dagenham, which sold 17,508 cars—a loss of nearly 33 per cent. Fiat stays in fifth position with 14,129 sales, a drop of nearly 37 per cent, and Triumph comes next with 11,010 a decline of 19½ per cent.

Newcomers in the top ten are Austin-Healey with 10,832 registrations (passing Simca, who show a startling drop of 55½ per cent to 9,817) and MG with a steady 8,859 sales. Peugeot also figure there for the first time with 8,396 new cars

registered. But Vauxhall and Volvo, who were in the top ten in 1959 are now included in the also-rans.

We hear so much about the decline in the United States market that it comes as a surprise to find that up to the end of July the total sales of imported cars were only 9½ per cent below those for the same period of last year. The hard fact is that British sports cars are holding their own, but British family cars are nowhere, and we have no model which at present can remotely compare with the VW or the Dauphine as a mass seller. The fall in American sales has been accentuated because we have lost ground to our European competitors.

In Europe the decline in British sales was in full spate before the division between Common Market and Outer Seven arrived to complicate the issue. I quoted figures some time ago to show the disquieting discrepancies between the prices of British cars and their Continental competitors on the Swiss market. The hard fact is that our cars cost too much. This is due to many causes. England is a high-cost low-speed country which pays the highest taxes in Europe and the highest wages but suffers incessant labour troubles and loses untold millions of pounds in traffic delays. We also inflate our costs by spreading production over more models than our competitors.

But even if our prices were identical with those quoted at the factory gates on the European mainland, we should be at a disadvantage, because of the English Channel, which increases our transport costs. A senior executive of the British industry told me it costs him about three times as much as it does Volkswagen to deliver a car to Denmark. And when tax is added the discrepancy is about six times as much.

If we cannot get our costs down, and at present there seems little prospect of it, the long-term answer will have to be greater manufacture on the European mainland, following the lead of BMC in their associa-

tion with Innocenti in Italy and Standard Triumph with their new factory at Malines.

But the average Continental buyer is still bewildered by the variety of cars offered by Britain. We need a few models with real sales appeal pushed with immense effort on the sales and service side over a period of years. We have the best brakes in the world, our shock absorbers now have a good reputation, thanks to our motor racing successes; we have the only currently available automatic transmission for cars in the 1½-litre class and we have the world's best overdrive.

There are other ways to our technicians lead, but not shop for technical components; they buy a complete car, two recent popular models of real triumph is too competitive, detachable body panels produce rattles. The BMC Mini is potentially terrific but they have not yet making enough and had their share of teeth. They also suffer from diversity of models and dealers have been refusing to push them while they hold up old stocks of Morris Minors.

Meanwhile European buyers are being accustomed to countless refinements of equipment; reclining seats, parking lamps, headlamp flashers, coat hooks, fuel reserve warning lamps and safety grab handles which we rarely provide. The struggle ahead is going to be tough and it will not be won simply by a relaxation of hire-purchase restrictions, encouraging people to get into debt to pay purchase tax which they cannot afford.

The task of the industry would be made much easier by some stability and understanding in Government policy, but British governments have long been interested primarily in how much revenue they could squeeze out of the motor industry without actually killing it and Mr. Selwyn Lloyd has given fair warning that this policy has not changed.

Engagements



LENARE

Miss Christine Stucley to the Hon. David Cobbold. She is the daughter of Sir Dennis Stucley, Bt., & the Hon. Lady Stucley, of Hartland Abbey, Devon. He is the son of Lord & Lady Cobbold, of Knebworth House, Herts



YEVONDE

Miss Caroline Hingston to Mr. David Lloyd. She is the elder daughter of Lt.-Col. & Mrs. Walter Hingston, of Montpelier Square, S.W.7. He is the younger son of Sir Thomas & Lady Lloyd, of Faggots End, Radlett, Herts



VANDYK

Miss Susan Ritchie-Watson to Mr. Nigel Wyndham Found. She is the daughter of Mr. Ritchie-Watson and the late Mrs. Ritchie-Watson, of Sloane Avenue, S.W.3. He is the son of Mr. & Mrs. J. W. Found, of Hampstead Way, London, N.W.11

Lisney—Phillips: Suzanne, daughter of Mr. & Mrs. Denis Lisney, of Snarestone Lodge, Leicestershire, was married to Timothy, son of Col. & Mrs. W. Eric Phillips, of Toronto, Canada, at the Church of the Holy Rood, Packington



A. V. SWAEBE

Barbezat—Cornell: Jill, daughter of the late F/O C. L. Barbezat, and of Mrs. John Hodgson, of Beechwood Farm, near Tring, was married to David, son of the late Mr. R. F. O. Cornell, and of Mrs. E. M. Cornell, at St. Bartholomew the Great, Smithfield

Weddings



Richardson—Jack: Elisabeth Anne, daughter of Sir John & Lady Richardson, of Hillcrest Road, W.5, was married to Angus Gavin Lochhead, younger son of Brig.-Gen. & Mrs. James Lockhead Jack, of The Old House, Kibworth, Leicestershire, at St. Lawrence Jewry, London, E.C.2.



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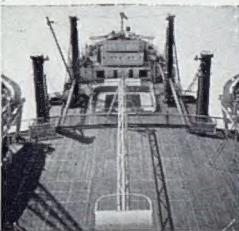
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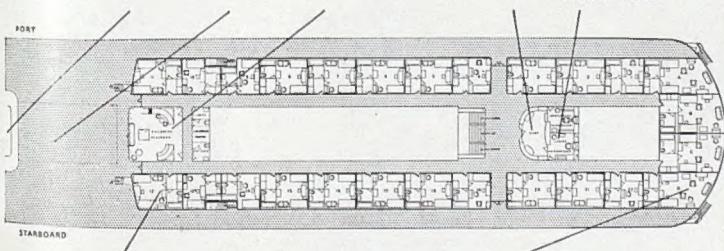
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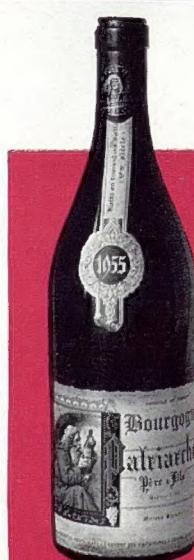
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